

# The Critic

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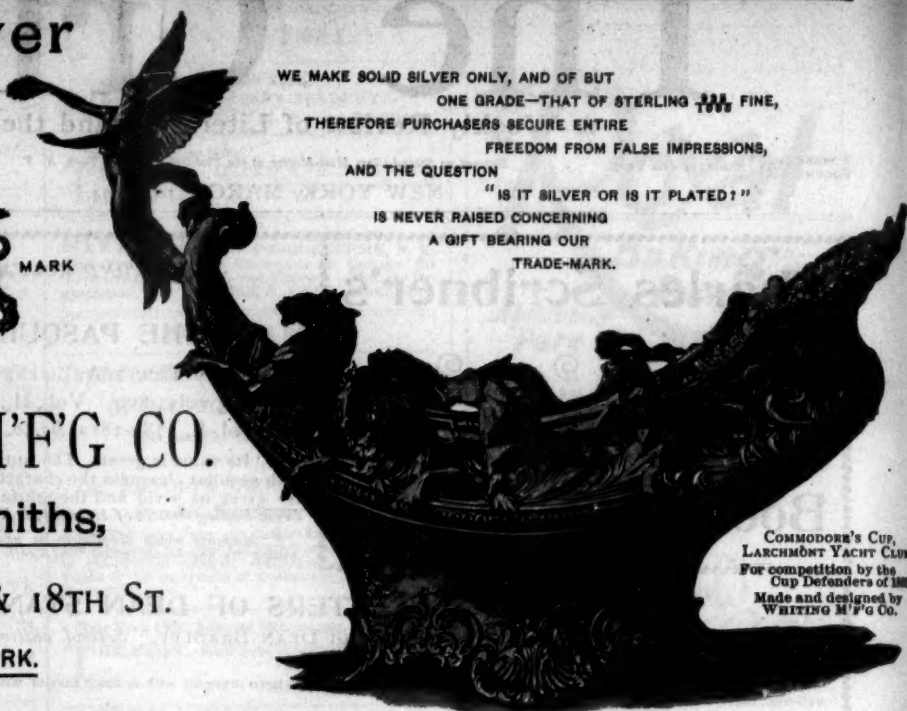
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# The Critic

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## Literature

### The Netherlands People

*Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Volk. Door P. J. Blok. Tweede Deel. Groningen: J. B. Wolters.*

PROMPTLY APPEARING, the second instalment of Prof. Blok's "History of the Dutch People" reaches us on this side of the ocean, in a little over a year from the receipt of the first. The handsome volume, with its beautifully clear print, excellent paper, handsome binding, colored map, and index, is about two hundred pages larger than the first. As, however, in the period here treated, extending from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, the author is moving over ground which he has already made thoroughly familiar by previous surveys and minute explorations, we are not surprised to find the quality equal to the quantity; and, over many chapters, a gloss of style quite equal to many of the glowing pages in his previous volume. The book carries us through the story of the period of the Artevelde and the Burgundian era to the beginnings of the Reformation, and well into the first bloom of Netherlands art and literature. It is one of the good signs of the times in the study of history that Prof. Blok does not slur over the details of mediæval life. The vast majority of students, after their course in ancient and classic history, leap at once over to the study of the modern period immediately preceding or beginning at the Reformation. Such a method is very faulty, and he who pursues it does not really understand how deeply our modern life is rooted in those old days when the New World in which we now live was scarcely visible. It is just because Motley slurred over the details of the mediæval Netherlands life that at several important points he failed to interpret aright the vital facts of the life and policy of the statesman of the Republic. Hence it is that not merely a "keeper of archives," as Dr. Holmes rather airily called Groen van Prinsterer (who wrote the most condensed history of Netherlands), but profound historians like Fruin and Jorissen, as well as Dr. Blok, take direct issue with our great American historiographer on questions such as, for example, those between Maurice and Barnevelt. With admirable patience and scholarly research, Dr. Blok has made himself thoroughly familiar with the old cloister annals, with the archives both of his native land, including the many city republics, and of Germany, England and France. Over what at first sight seems to be the hopeless undergrowth of petty strife and wars, in which both ink and blood were shed freely, he casts an interpreting light. He shows that throughout these ages the citizen was steadily working his way toward modern freedom. Indeed, it becomes quite clear how a little country like Holland, contemptible in size, a mere quagmire in physical geography, was so wealthy, so strong and so finely organized, that it could stand the pounding of Spain during eighty years and hold up its head victoriously all the way through, while at the same time teaching civil liberty, religious toleration and the most advanced political economy.

This history of "het Nederlandsche Volk" is, in the main, a history of the Dutch as we understand them, that is, of the Republic of the people north of the Scheldt. Teutonic in blood and spirit, yet so different from the over-governed, military and centralized Germans of to-day, and holding so closely to the ideas and spirit which we call by a curious phrase, so often ridiculed by Freeman, "Anglo-Saxon"—the majority of these Anglo-Saxons being probably Frisians or North Dutchmen,—these Netherlands are to-day more like Americans than probably any other people in Europe.

Book IV., containing eleven chapters, is devoted to the struggles of the people in the time of the Artevelde. The

political story furnishes the frame-work, but this is well filled in with details of trade, commerce, industries and popular fluctuations of opinion. Book V. treats of the Burgundian era; the narrative of kings and city republics is clearly told, but the interest of the author, as well as of his reader, is chiefly enlisted in those chapters which illuminate thoroughly the social, commercial and religious life of the people. It is very interesting for the American reader to note so frequently on these pages names that are familiar to his eye as being linked with families that have attained honor and eminence in our own national commonwealth. We go into the house of a noble of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and see his table spread, learn about his furniture, and see how he and his wife and children were dressed and amused and served. Yet it is even more about the burghers, or citizens, that we are told, with many a fascinating description. Though a proud Dutchman, whose style very perceptibly glows when he tells of what is especially original with his fellow-countrymen—their achievements in industry, literature, art, benevolence and courage—our author is always judiciously disposed. He never sinks the historian in the panegyrist. He does not say or even hint that Laurens Coster of Haarlem invented printing, for he probably knows what most of the experts know by this time, that printing was not invented in Europe, but in China, though the art was mightily improved when imported into the particular continent where the uses of antimony, of paper made from rags, and of machine presses were well known. He shows, however, that the mediæval "printers" or wood-cutters and their products were more numerous in the Netherlands than anywhere else, and that out of their work grew gradually the art of what we now call printing, which has no necessary association with picture-making. His narratives of the Brethren of the Common Life, those wonderful schoolmasters of the Netherlands, and of the common schools for free public education sustained by public taxation; his pictures of the first reformers and the popular acceptance of the Protestant doctrine, are all wholesome reading for those who trace all our American inheritance to English antecedents. His acceptance of the theory, now fairly demonstrated, that the popular reformation of Church doctrine in the Netherlands was wrought, not by the Erasmians or the Lutherans, or the Calvinists, but by the Anabaptists, is noteworthy, as showing how Prof. J. G. De Hoof Scheffer's scholarly monograph ("Geschiedenis der Kerkhervorming in Nederland") has now won the acceptance of historians.

It would be hard to tell what subject Dr. Blok does not touch—the Refugees, the martyrs, population, literature and art, home and furniture, diet and food, from buckwheat to artificial grasses—while as to business and trade, both wholesale and retail, he seems to be as well informed as a merchant. Upon one point we venture a criticism: the statement on pages 474-5 is rather too sweeping to receive immediate credence. Dr. Blok would have us believe that, instead of the round numbers which, of course, on their face carry exaggeration, putting the total of "martyrs" in the whole of the Netherlands at "100,000," we must erase two ciphers. Thus deliberately to nullify so many eloquent sermons, so many harangues, exhortations, and after-dinner speeches of the Holland Society, seems cold-blooded and heartless. Yet this is what historians must be. If the editors, as our genial Autocrat teaches, must grow great callouses in order to defend the public against too gushing aspirants for literary fame, much more so must the historian; yet, we must confess that we cannot accept such wholesale iconoclasm without detailed proof. A cipher may be only a wind-bag, but it must not be pricked except in the interest of genuine

historical science. We trust that in Vol. III., which is to treat the most interesting part of the *Vaderland's* story, the author will soothe the feelings of those who will certainly be infuriated by his statement about the martyrs, with a healing poultice of carefully-wrought facts, figures and convincing arguments. If we are to lose another idol, pray comfort us.

#### "Writings of Thomas Paine"

Edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

How STRONG has been the influence of religion in the education of this country is demonstrated most clearly by the popular ignorance of the true nature of Thomas Paine's work, and of the justice of his claim to the nation's gratitude. He is known as the author of "The Age of Reason," which, as everybody knows by tradition, is a dangerous plea for atheism; but of the Paine of history, the indefatigable champion of political liberty and of the rights of man, little heed is taken. And yet, while Rousseau's writings have long since lost their vitality, Paine's essays contain truths and speculations which even to-day are recognized as among the political measures that are just and should be adopted by a true democracy. Paine's interest centred in the Cause of America, which he considered to be "in a great measure the cause of all mankind"; and to this Cause he gave every thought of his brain, every line from his pen, preaching its gospel everywhere, and demonstrating its truths, whatever the subjects on which he discoursed. It is this that makes interesting the least of his writings, as illustrating, all of them, the spirit of his time better and more completely than the works of any of his contemporaries. The historical value of his literary labor is well-known to the student, but it should be equally familiar to the general reader, who will find, moreover, in his clear, logical style a source of intellectual enjoyment.

Mr. Moncure Daniel Conway, than whom no one can better be fitted for the work, has undertaken the editorship of "The Writings of Thomas Paine," of which this is the first volume. The period covered in these pages is that from 1774 to '79, and the value of the edition becomes at once manifest, when the reader sees the amount of material here gathered and republished for the first time. The book opens with "African Slavery in America," supposed to have been Paine's first essay; most of its contents have been gathered from the *Pennsylvania Magazine* and *Journal*. They include "A Serious Thought," probably the earliest anticipation of the Declaration of Independence written and published in America, and selections from "The American Crisis," the papers that, in Washington's words, "worked a powerful change in the minds of many men," and kept alive and strengthened the republican spirit during the dark days of 1776-77. The book contains also the famous pamphlet on "Common Sense," published on Jan. 10, 1776, perhaps the most influential and far-reaching political screed written by Paine, and the one that may be classed with the Letters of Junius as a monument to the power of the pen. Among the other essays is that on "The Magazine in America," published in the first number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, of which Paine was editor; "Duelling," "Reflections on Titles" and "On Unhappy Marriages," "Cupid and Hymen," "An Occasional Letter on the Female Sex," are also among the contents, and, to return to history, so are the "Epistle to Quakers," in answer to their "Ancient Testimony Renewed," "The Forester's Letters," the "Retreat across the Delaware," a letter to Franklin, and the series of papers on the Silas Deane affair, which caused the French Minister to complain to Congress, thereby forcing Paine to resign his position as Secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, although the truth of his charges was generally known. These articles, studied in connection with the Stevens Facsimiles, furnish interesting reading. The editor has followed the earliest editions, and has preserved Paine's own spelling. Nothing has been suppressed, and nothing altered, except manifest misprints, and, in a few cases, punctuations which might impair the sense. The work will be completed in four volumes, uniform with Mr. Conway's "Life of Paine."

#### "The Stevens Facsimiles"

Vol. XIX. London: B. F. Stevens.

THE PERIOD covered by the fifty-eight documents reproduced in this new volume of Mr. Stevens's "Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives Relating to America," is that from 26 Sept. to 6 Dec., 1777, during which the highly interesting game of political fence was continued between France and England, with Spain standing half-hidden, willing to do her share, yet afraid of possible consequences. Most interesting of all are Lord Stormont's letters to Lord Weymouth, in which he reports his interviews with M. de Maurépas and M. de Vergennes, and records constantly the progress of French political intrigue in favor of the Colonies. The French documents, on the other hand, show the reluctance felt by the King's court to bring about an open rupture. Stormont's accounts of the excuses offered for the presence of American privateers in French ports, and for the building and equipping of such vessels in French ship-yards, form a forceful commentary on this attitude. So, for instance, the Comte de Vergennes says, in a communication dated 26 Sept., 1777, and addressed to the Marquis d'Ossun:—"In my private opinion, we risk all the less in giving every preference to the latter [England], as we have missed the moment when, by striking a blow at England which would have been felt, we should have ensured the success of the American revolution, and acquired, in the eyes of that nation, the merit of having coöperated towards her liberty. \* \* \* Things being considered from this point of view, all our attention should be concentrated on the interest we have in gaining the confidence of the Americans without entirely losing that of the English: it is not an easy task; the latter, who are aware what is best for us to do, keep a sharp watch over us; they have all the more means of following our steps as they have partisans even in the American Congress." At about the same time, Oct. 1, 1777, Lord Stormont writes to Lord Weymouth, that "it is certain, My Lord, that several persons who are well informed do believe at this moment that France has some deep insidious design against us. \* \* \* I can scarce believe that France will hazard a rash, unprovoked attack, especially if our arms are crowned with that success in America which there is, I hope, every reason to expect. \* \* \* It strikes me, My Lord, that the natural inference to be drawn is that if France \* \* \* she has some treacherous design." In a report to Samuel Adams, dated 4 Oct., Arthur Lee thus clearly epitomizes the situation:—"It will be more to our honour that this [the establishment of American Independence] be done by our own efforts, without allies, which, in my judgment, we shall not procure till we have less occasion for them; and perhaps the Liberties established by labour and endurance will be more prized and desirable than those acquired by foreign interposition. \* \* \* We may congratulate ourselves upon the Liberties of our country having triumphed over the greatest malice of our enemies, whom perhaps we ought to thank for having taught us to know ourselves, and to assume that rank among the independent Nations of the Earth to which we are entitled."

Writing to the Comte de Vergennes, on Oct. 1, Caron de Beaumarchais makes the following reference to Franklin:—"I was told this morning that Mr. Franklin only awaited a reply to decide whether to leave or stay here. This confirms me that the English are urging them to treat. But whence is he expecting that reply? It cannot be from London, he is not the man to treat us perfidiously. I saw him this morning very thoughtful. \* \* \* Mr. Franklin questioned me a good deal regarding your views; and I, always the conciliator, I sustain courage through hope, and treat him as the deputies treat Congress, and as the latter treat the American people. It is a chain of hope, of which I hold the first link." A facsimile of a letter of marque, in blank, but bearing the signatures of John Hancock and Charles Thomson, is also among these interesting documents. The last letter in this volume is dated 6 Dec., and is from the Comte de Vergennes to the



Marquis de Noailles. It runs in part as follows:—"I do not doubt, Monsieur le Marquis, that the news of Lord Howe, so long expected, has caused joy in England proportionate to its importance. \* \* \* Lord Stormont, always moderate, has hastened to let me share his modest satisfaction; he has written me a very affectionate letter, to which he annexed a copy of the Gazette extraordinary of the 2nd inst. I have duly thanked him for this attention, to which I might have replied by sending him General Burgoyne's capitulation, but I prefer to let him learn it from others. The Americans have lost Philadelphia and captured an army; this compensation may appear to them all the more material, as, according to news from America, the English may very likely yet lose their second army. \* \* \* Burgoyne's fate must be a great encouragement for the partisans of liberty." The Appendix contains much matter supplementing and completing the data contained in the documents.

Mr. Stevens's work grows more interesting with each volume, for not only are these facsimiles of high importance to the American historian, but they will be found fascinating and instructive reading by all who take an interest in that history which is "past politics."

#### A Guide to Alaska

*Appleton's Guide-Book to Alaska and the Northwest Coast.* By Eliza R. Scidmore. D. Appleton & Co.

PINDAR'S APHORISM, that "water is the best of all things," is peculiarly applicable to Alaska, the land of beautiful and strange waters, of water slitting and slashing land in innumerable forms, of land eaten into, illumined, irradiated with silver and solemn water. Nowhere on the globe, probably, is there such epically lovely water, water lucid, profound, fathomless, all-pervading, lacing and girding islands and archipelagoes with lines and tracings of light, water, fluid, frozen, glacial, sparkling with animalcule life, darting with salmon, seething at certain seasons with herring, alternately black and awful as any Norwegian fjord, and sunny and smiling as a tropic river. Water has indeed wrought a wondrous hieroglyphic on these northwestern coasts, eaten them lean and haggard, moulded them into beautiful and heroic forms of moraine, indentation and channel, carved like a cunning sculptor magically picturesque promontory and curving shore, and, filing away all superfluities of rock, thrown out the outlines of mighty volcanoes in unparalleled distinctness. This picture-land was opened to tourists years ago by Mr. Seward's wise purchase. About 1880 it began to be known, and whispers of its wizard charm and beauty fell on the eastern ear; first scientists, and then the more daring class of tourists, began to "pilgrim" westward to the wonder-land; steamer excursions were organized on the Columbia, and men and women returned after a month of journeying on the lake-like waters, enthusiastic over the scenery, the salmon, the immense forest growth, the ferns, the volcanoes, the mild climate and the mineral wealth. Ethnologists studied its Tlingit dialects, its totem-poles, its suggestions of South Sea or far Mongolian tradition; geologists were amazed at its transcendent ice-rivers; missionaries like Mr. Duncan interested themselves in its docile and intelligent populations; and a territorial government was organized. Many superficial sketches of Alaska and its 500,000 square miles poured from the press. Ten years ago and more, when the present writer visited these regions, there was no accessible guide-book to one of the most striking scenic districts in the world. The tourist boarded the Idaho at Portland, ran down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean, thence coasted to Puget's Sound and Port Townsend, and then surrendered himself confidently to Capt. Carroll and his crew for a month's run on waters as soft and beautiful as the Hudson River, amid scenes infinitely more beautiful.

Now, fortunately, this state of uncertainty no longer exists; Mrs. E. R. Scidmore, already well-known for her travels in Alaska and Japan, has compiled an excellent guide-book to these regions, filled it with maps and illustrations, and included in it glimpses of the entire shores of Washington,

British Columbia, Southeastern Alaska, the Aleutian and Seal Islands, Bering Straits and the Arctic Coasts. Her book is crowded with statistical, historical, ethnological and purely itinerary information, and is so handy in form that it can be heartily recommended to all intending travellers to this great and noble territory.

#### "Deeds of Montrose"

*The Memoirs of James, Marquis of Montrose, 1639-1650.* By George Wishart, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co.

THESE MEMOIRS, as translated from the Latin by the Rev. Alexander D. Murdoch and Mr. H. F. Morland Simpson, M.A., and edited by them, form a most complete and attractive volume. The editor's preface is a brief memoir of the author, who was an associate and intimate friend of Montrose; it is presumed that the Memoirs were written during his travels with Montrose while in exile. Latin, at that time a living language and used by the polite of all nations, was naturally chosen as the fittest medium, and it is the editor's opinion that, in spite of the fact that the book was composed and hurried through three editions in a twelvemonth, the author's vigor and command of language are much to be admired. Interest is increased by the knowledge that behind the author stood Montrose himself, so intimately identified with the work, that it came to be known as "his book." A critical introduction enumerates previous editions, translations and manuscripts. The author's dedication is "To the Most High and Mighty Charles of Scotland by the Grace of God, and Prince of Wales, Duke of Rothesay, Heir of Britain, France, and Ireland, etc." In addition to the translation (Part II, now first published), the original Latin is incorporated. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Faed's engraving for the Maitland Club of the beautiful portrait of Montrose, by Gerard Honthorst, now at Brechin Castle. The seal adorning the title-page was found attached to some of the last private letters written by Montrose.

A broad view must be taken in forming a just estimate of character. The change of Montrose from the Covenanters to the opposite party subjects him to the suspicion of selfish aims which always attends such an act, and, unless lofty motives are conceded, admiration for his subsequent brilliant deeds is mingled with contempt for his fickleness. The problem involved requires such delicate handling, that two equally conscientious students may easily arrive at opposite conclusions. From the natural bias of the author, the present volume throws little light upon the matter. According to his statement, Montrose discovered, in 1639, that the Covenanters, whose "specious pretexts were the maintenance of religion, the honour and dignity of the King, the laws of the land, and the freedom of this ancient realm," were telling but "fair tales invented to steal the hearts of the silly and superstitious multitude and alienate them from the King, as an enemy to religion and liberty." If the author's claim can be accepted, it must be conceded that as a man Montrose was the personification of honor, courage, patriotism and loyalty, and that his melancholy fate, borne with such nobility and quiet dignity, entitles him to a martyr's crown. The record of his deeds will then be a valuable legacy to posterity, for, without regard to the justice of his cause, this record is one of loyalty and patriotism worthy of emulation, and, if widely read, it will tend to keep alive those lofty sentiments suppressed by the uneventful times of peace. As a general, Montrose was daring, yet prudent; relentless during battle, yet magnanimous to the vanquished. Although the numbers engaged in the battles he fought were not great, his skill in utilizing slender resources and his success in defeating superior forces entitle him to high rank as a military commander.

#### "Yanko the Musician"

*And Other Stories.* By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.

THESE TALES from the Polish have a kind of dull, heavy misery in them. Yet this effect does not seem to be wholly the writer's intention, though the characters he describes are

pathetic enough; it is rather as if he were forced to express the wretchedness of his countrymen, and to utter a despairing cry for sympathy. It is uttered, however, only indirectly. There is no complaint; but through the veil of these crushed, maimed lives, one sees something of the horrors of conquest, one feels the weight of the burden these unhappy people have to bear. It is the kind of mute suffering that hides itself and strives piteously for patience—too heartrending to be tragic, too simple to be sublime. The story which gives its title to the volume tells of a "very dull little fellow," who "when spoken to put his finger in his mouth"—a creature with no capacity for the ordinary duties of life, but with an intense, hungry passion for music. Something is always playing to him in the woods, and the birds and the trees and the wind make music for him. He constructs a poor little fiddle out of a shingle, but it will not play sweetly to him; and he longs so ardently for a real one that he steals into the great house one night to touch one that belongs to the butler. His discovery and punishment, and the death of the mute, tremulous little creature are too piteous to be put into words; one feels the telling of it to be almost a sacrilege. Another story of a child—who works unceasingly in the effort to gratify his mother with high marks, and, failing utterly in his timid struggle against the brutality of the German teachers, throws himself into a fatal fever—leaves much the same painful impression.

The pathos of "The Lighthouse Keeper of Aspinwall" is of a different character; it is more wholesome and less relentlessly depressing. The tale is the most artistic in the book, and the picture of this storm-beaten old man, who in spite of fine and noble qualities has failed in everything he undertook, is like an etching. "Skavinski had the patience of an Indian, and that great, calm power of resistance which comes from truth of heart. \* \* \* He did not bend to misfortune. He crept up against the mountain as industriously as an ant. Pushed down a hundred times, he began his journey calmly for the hundred and first time. He was in his way a most peculiar original." A sombre figure, a wanderer upon the earth, who has fought many a brave fight, he finds peace at last on the lonely rock in the midst of the sea. His character is drawn in vivid words, and the wild longing of this tired, disappointed man for rest is consistently followed by his happy seclusion in the lighthouse. His love of the birds and the sea, and the final irresistible wave of homesickness, which sweeps over him at sight of a Polish book, and makes him forget his duty and leave the still sea for a night in darkness, it is all very simple but very pathetic,—this last failure which lost the old man his peaceful home. "There opened before him new roads of wandering; the wind had torn that leaf away again to whirl it over lands and seas, to sport with it till satisfied." The tale is told with an art which almost conceals art; its simplicity is genuine, with none of the strain in it which one feels in "Yanko," and it has an exquisite poetic sympathy with the suffering it describes.

In "A Comedy of Errors" the writer's humor is delightful; and the clever little plot, which gives a touch of light to the sombre book, is well worked out. "Bartek the Victor" is an admirable study of character, the stupid, blundering, dogged hero being vividly sketched. The descriptions of battle in this tale, too, are written with great skill from the point of view of a peasant in the ranks. Sienkiewicz is a poetic realist—a realist plus a warm heart. But his art portrays a melancholy people, who have been misunderstood and belittled, whose homes have been invaded, whose pride has been crushed. They are not diverting, these tales that he writes; but they are terrible, intense things, and, except when the pathos is a trifle over-strained, they bear the semblance of reality, and they occasionally touch the heights of beauty. "The Lighthouse Keeper" is a notable piece of writing. The book is well printed and bound, and it is daintily illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. The translation, which is good, is the work of Jeremiah Curtin.

### "Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen"

Edited by E. J. Payne. First Series: *Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake*. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co.

AMONG "ENGLAND'S forgotten worthies," as Mr. Froude calls them, none are more worthy of remembrance than her mighty seamen, men of brawn and daring, of dauntless hearts and impressive courage, who sailed away into hidden seas, and often never returned at all, or returned mangled and mutilated, to win a smile from their gracious Queen. Elizabeth was pre-eminently the sailor's Queen, and her influence in the geographical "redding up" of the world was simply incalculable. Her only great rival in this almost superhuman work was Isabel of Spain, and to the two women belongs the fame of having surpassed all modern men in the glory of stimulating discovery. The thrilling record of these discoveries is found at its fullest in the matchless collections of Hakluyt, whose "Principal Navigations" Mr. Froude has happily called "the prose epic of the modern English nation." The great folios containing these voyages began to come out in 1589 and continued at intervals till 1609, embracing not only original accounts in English, but numerous and picturesque translations from the Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese. The collector of these treasures was one Hakluyt, a "preacher," as he usually described himself, born in or near London, whose name, long mispronounced *Hackliffe* (as if it were Dutch) is simply an abbreviation of *Hacklewit* or *Hacklewight*, with a middle English use of *w* for double *u*. He became a distinguished prebendary and rector, and lies buried in a nameless tomb in Westminster Abbey. His splendid volumes long formed the "tomb" of the glorious deeds of Hawkins, Frobisher, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Cavendish, De Soto, Peter Martyr, Cortes and other heroes of this wild Odyssey, until Capt. Markham and, recently, Prof. Froude in his Oxford lectures on "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century," called attention to their priceless value.

The object of the present handy-volume series is to make a selection from Hakluyt's admirable "Navigations" and present the achievements of these noble adventurers in compassable form to the general reader. The three worthies taken up in volume I. (now in its second edition) are Hawkins, Frobisher and Drake, the first of whom practically began the history of the English in America with his three slave-trading voyages thither between 1562 and 1578. Frobisher was the pioneer in the search for a North-West passage, while Drake was the first Englishman "to plough a furrow round the globe," landing at the Golden Gate and leaving an account of his circumnavigation as romantically interesting as a novel. Mr. Payne's editing of these selections is well done: he calls attention to the mines of history still unexplored in these brave narratives of indomitable seamen, who ventured all for their Queen and christened many unknown regions with English names. Tennyson has made striking poetic use of one of the great sea-fights recorded in Hakluyt—the famous fifteen hours' fight of Greenville (as it is spelt in the present book), not unworthy to be compared to the "Persæ" of Æschylus.

### Poetry and Verse

FORTY lyrics and sonnets by Mr. T. W. Higginson and his wife, Mrs. Mary Thacher Higginson, are to be found in an attractive little quarto volume entitled "Such as They Are." The verse of these poets is simple and readable always, and, as it appears here with a number of dainty illustrations, it is sure to be appreciated by both lovers of poems and lovers of pictures. There is a touch of artificiality in most of Mr. Higginson's poetical work—his talent lies in the direction of essay writing; but such a poem as the "Ode to a Butterfly" is extremely pleasing. Mrs. Higginson's verse has in it the element of spontaneity. No one could read the graceful stanzas "The Anchored Doris" without feeling that the writer was a natural singer. The poems are very good, such as they are. (Roberts Bros.)—THE best things in Mr. Charles H. Crandall's "Wayside Music" are the sonnets. When one remembers that the author not long since edited an anthology of "Representative American Sonnets," the explanation is perhaps found, why he



should write sonnets better than other forms of verse. His work belongs distinctly to the great body of minor verse. He has a fair command of rhymes and metres, but in general his themes strike one as a trifle commonplace. One of the cleverest of the lyrics is "The Train." The following sonnet, "Written in a Volume of Shakespeare," is felicitous:—

"Between these covers a fair country lies,  
Which, though much travelled, always seemeth new;  
Far mountain peaks of thought reach to the blue,  
While placid meadows please less daring eyes.  
Deep glens and ivied walls where daylight dies  
Free of Romance, and lovers brush the dew  
By moonlit stream and lake, while never few  
Are the rich bursts of Song that shake the skies.  
This country's king holds never-ending court;  
To him there come from all his wide domain  
Minstrels of Love and spangled imps of Sport,  
And messengers of Fancy, Joy and Pain;  
Of man and nature he has full report;  
He made his kingdom, none dispute his reign."

The sonnets "Adelaide Neilson" and "Waiting" are also good, though the latter brings rather strongly to mind a sonnet of Longfellow's. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A VOLUME of poems about which there is a quiet charm is "Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster." The selections have been made from various of the author's books, published during the past thirty years, and care has been taken to make the collection representative of her best work. These poems show the many-sidedness of Mrs. Webster's poetic talent. She has dramatic power, a true gift of description and a very graceful lyrical vein. Portions of "Su-pe-Ya's Lade," and some of the English *Rispetti*, under the division entitled "Marjory," are almost perfect. (Macmillan & Co.)—IT IS NOT so very long since we had an anthology of Canadian verse, edited by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, but Mr. J. E. Wetherell's "Later Canadian Poems" is arranged on a different plan, and succeeds in showing that the young poets of Canada have already done enough to make this anthology worth while. The volume contains no poem published earlier than the year 1880. The writers represented are all familiar to us; indeed, we always think of Campbell, Carman, Lampman, Roberts and Scott as among our own younger poets, so frequently do we come across their work in our magazines. A particular interest attaches to this collection, in that it gives us an opportunity of seeing the men themselves. The portraits are very satisfactory; so are the verses. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)—A THIRD edition of Mr. Thos. MacKellar's praiseworthy "Hymns and Metrical Psalms," containing some new pieces, has recently been published. Of former editions of this work we have already written. (Porter & Coates.)

A NEW EDITION of George Herbert's "The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," is illustrated with reproductions of old engravings. The text is a verbal reprint of the first edition, published in 1633, a few months after Herbert's death, with Nicholas Ferrar's address from "the Printers to the Readers." The illustrations have been taken from engravings produced in the century before Herbert's time, that is to say, from designs which he might have seen, this feature of the edition having been suggested by his constant reference, in his poems, to images that he must undoubtedly have studied in reality in church windows, carvings and prints, before they formed the mental impressions that found their way into his verse, and oftentimes actually suggested it. The old masters whose work has been represented here belong to German, Italian and Flemish, more than to English art. Albert Dürer ranks first among them, and Marcus Antonio, Lucas van Leyden, Holbein, Aldegrever and George Whitney have been put under equal contribution. The origin of several of the illustrations, among them some of the quaintest and best, remains unidentified. As comments on the spirit of Herbert's poetry these old prints have decided value, strengthening the reader's understanding of the time and of the artistic surroundings that influenced and moulded the spirit and, perhaps, the form of his song. (Macmillan & Co.)—AIRY TRIFLES and fluffy fancy form the slight substance of which are woven the verses in "Allegretto," by Gertrude Hall. *Vers de société*, written to amuse, these lines contain many clever thoughts and humorous touches. Their author handles metre and rhyme with, perhaps, a little too much freedom, but she never spoils the effect by doing so. Oliver Herford has drawn the illustrations and preserved in his drawings the light touch of the text. Bright pages in the book are those given to "Anon," a speculation on the identity of that prolific writer, "One of the Flock," "My Dog," "Une Parisienne," "Poor Little Miss Flighty" and the trio of poems simply headed "From Æsop." There are also some

meritorious translations from the German and one from the French of Daudet, the latter the first poem by Daudet we remember having seen in English. The cover design is a happy thought. (Roberts Bros.)

"SOMETIME, AND OTHER POEMS" is a collection of verse by May Riley Smith. In her dedication the author alludes to her work as "the pleasant labor of my unskilled hand." Reading her poems, all of which are commendable, one can but acknowledge the poet's sincerity of feeling and thought, as well as the helpful character of her work. This book is in every way deserving of success. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—"ELSIE, AND OTHER POEMS," by Robert Beverly Hale, contains a number of poems whose sentiment is healthy, and whose simplicity and naturalness make them more pleasing than the verse to be found in many a more pretentious volume. (Boston: R. B. Hale & Co.)—MR. EDWARD SHERWOOD CREAMER'S "Adirondack Readings" is made up of verse best characterized as newspaper verse. By this we do not mean to disparage the work of Mr. Creamer. He writes with evident ease and upon subjects more or less popular. (Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.)—A FIRST attempt in verse is William Arnold's "Clara: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century." It is a long poem. Mr. Arnold will probably write a shorter and better one next time. (Wayside Pub. Co.)—ALL that we can say of L. Cleveland's "Lotus Life, and Other Poems," is that we cannot understand them. They seem to be not so much poetry as something else. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"HANNIBAL AND KATHARNA" is a drama in five acts, by Lieut. Col. I. C. Fife-Cookson. It is said to be allegorical—doubly: it is not said to be poetical. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

#### Fiction

"A NATIVE OF WINBY, and Other Tales," is a volume of short stories by Sarah Orne Jewett. There is a great deal of human nature in the native of Winby when he returns to his early home, after having achieved unusual success in the great world. He has pictured it to himself, and has thought that the intense quiet of the village would be grateful to him. He has become too much accustomed to adulation, however, and when no one recognizes him and he is allowed to walk about unmolested, he feels disappointed. His evening, spent with an old friend who cooks his supper herself and gives him the things he ate when a boy, is almost his only pleasure during the visit. One of the most amusing stories in the volume is called "The Passing of Sister Barsett." Two friends are weeping together over the death of a neighbor, and one is consoling the other for having lost her occupation and her sense of being of some use in the world in the demise of this person whom she has been in the habit of nursing. She insists upon her eating a little "taste-cake," and assures her that she shall come and do for her at the last. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrives to say that the dead patient has revived and is herself again. These sketches are clever in the extreme, most artistically put together, and filled with humor. The human nature that pervades them impresses itself upon the reader at every turn. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A NOVEL BY John Seymour Wood is neither a masquerading essay in political economy nor a luring bait to an uncomfortable sermon. We have in him an author who aims to entertain. Prefacing this, Mr. Wood must know that in this age of purpose-fiction he can never achieve "popularity," but according to his lights he is successful. He can comfort himself with the assurance that Oscar Wilde's dictum, "American dry-goods, American novels," does not include his work. To establish a party of trippers through Switzerland as lodgers in the ruined and picturesque Château de la Bostiat, to shuffle British and American national peculiarities, to relate with lively pen a series of practical jokes, and to give point to the absorbing and perennial purpose of the novel—the reason why the heroine does not marry the hero until the last chapter—thus may be summarized the present effort of the author of "A Coign of Vantage." It is a pleasant excursion into the *pays de tendre*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—VERY HEALTHY AND hearty are the opinions emanating from "Wisdom Court" in the Temple by the Thames, where purport to dwell two Englishmen "of the better sort." They collaborate in taking the world into their confidence, and discourse on the postcard, on love, on Sunday morning, and on twenty-six other subjects as dissimilar. Their sense of humor has not come "on the goods train," like that of their countryman in Dr. Depew's famous story. It has the saving grace, if it is occasionally obvious and that which we might expect from twin Brittanic Pantagruels. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—"THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN" is accomplished, according to Richard Gerbe, strange to say, by love. We are informed of this interesting bit of religious intelligence in a novel of India, with

a purpose to expound the iniquities of caste pride, child marriages and Hindu learning. The American Board will be glad to know that Cupid is the best of missionaries. It is a readable story. (Open Court Pub. Co.)—**MARTHA EVERTS HOLDEN**, who writes under the pseudonym of "Amber," has published her views of life under the title of "A String of Amber Beads," in the Unity Library. She is very much in earnest and expresses herself in a woolly western way which, no doubt, will be popular with those readers to whom she appeals. (Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

**MARIE CORELLI** calls her new story "Barabbas," a "dream of the world's tragedy," though why she does so no one will find out in reading the book. It is the old story of the murderer who was released from prison, and pardoned instead of Christ. The opening scene is the prison cell in Syria where Barabbas is chained, and from which he is taken to face Christ in the market-place. It is easy to see that the impression made upon him there will be a lasting one, and that his conversion to Christianity is a question of a very short time. All that the story contains which is not already in the Bible centres in and around Judith Iscariot, the sister of Judas. She is represented as being a very beautiful, a very profligate and a very heartless woman, and Barabbas is of course madly in love with her. She hates to know that her brother is a follower of a carpenter's son, she rejoices in his treachery, and she raves at Barabbas for having, as she thinks, brought Judas to the point of committing suicide. Marie Corelli's books are always overwrought; every one in them raves more or less, and if they fall in love with each other, it is in some mad fashion—in fact, they are in some abnormal condition eternally. This story is no exception, and it is as fatiguing and as trashy as the others. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"AFTER MANY DAYS," by Theodora B. Wilson and James Clarence Harvey, is described as an "American Novel by two Americans." Just how distinctively American the novel is, the reader must judge. To us it appears so only from the fact that the scenes are laid on native soil and the characters native-born. The story is one of emotions and passions that are universal, and of conditions of life that exist everywhere. Its main theme is the history of a girl who was faithful to a man during eight years of absence and desertion, and who married him, when finally he returned to her, to reform him. With such an object in view, there are endless situations at the novelist's command. A sensitive, conscientious, loving woman united to a man whose moral nature has been slowly sapped by excessive drinking, is not an unusual occurrence in life or in literature. Neither is it one which can be contemplated without a positive distaste for a further or more intimate knowledge. But the authors have told their story with skill, and with a balance between sentiment and reason that proclaims the dual temperaments of a man and a woman in literary partnership. The heroine is kept from drinking the bitter dregs of her voluntary cup by the accidental death of her husband. In the end she marries the faithful friend who had watched over her and stood by her in every crucial moment of her life—thus is the title justified. (Lovell Coryell & Co.)—**JACOB WINTERTON'S INHERITANCE**, by Emilie Searchfield, is a story whose pious intent is evidently to illustrate the words "and a little child shall lead them." The scenes are laid in a simple, God-fearing country family, whose daily movements are largely controlled by texts from the Bible, and whose conversations are quotations largely interlarded with the same. (Hunt & Eaton.)

**DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S** "Time's Revenges" has more claims to admiration than its capital title. It is essentially a story of incident, and that, too, with the chief incident, that of the innocent convict, not very original in conception. But the story is handled in a forcible way, no loose threads are dropped from nerveless fingers, and it is told with a plausibility and a sustained tone that make the reader pursue his way through the book with accelerated pace and increasing interest. Mr. Murray is no tyro at his art, and when he describes convict life in Van Diemen's Land, or colonial life in Australia, he does it with a touch so true that the scenes are interesting, apart from their integral importance. It is a strange fate that leads the son of the man who had been innocently convicted of shooting an English officer to fall in love with that officer's daughter, but such things must take place in life, and that frequently, else we would not be assured so often of similar events in books. At any rate we have the author's word for it that it did in this instance, and we also have his portrayal of a German swindler, so clever and so brilliant in crime, that it would be nothing less than intellectual dissipation to make the acquaintance of his living prototype. (Harper & Bros.)

**MR. HOWELLS** HAS NOT succeeded in eliminating entirely the

romantic traditions, and once in a while, when the restraint becomes unendurable, the dam breaks, and a wild flood of adventure is let loose upon us. One is engulfed by it in reading Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Translation of a Savage," with its melodramatic plot, but, somehow, it has not the old fascination. If Mr. Howells has not restricted our appetites to a liking for meat and potatoes, he has at least made us fastidious in our choice of sweets. Mr. Parker's tale shows us a young Englishman, settled in the wilds of Canada, and suddenly jilted by the lady of his love, who is far away in England. In revenge upon his family, who had connived at this desertion, he marries in a fit of fury a young Indian girl and despatches her immediately, as his wife, to his father's country-house in England. There he leaves her for several years to fight alone the battle with conventionality. The cowardice of it all, of course, weans one's sympathy from the quondam hero, and he does not succeed in regaining it in his no less cowardly return, though he finds his wild-flower far too passive in his hands. The interest centres upon the Indian girl, thrown suddenly into an unknown civilization, and struggling helplessly against forces whose importance she cannot appreciate. She is too easily tamed, however, to be altogether interesting, and her development into a society belle is hardly a consistent evolution. The character-drawing is neither suggestive nor subtle, being done on obvious and conventional lines. Nevertheless, there is cleverness in the construction of the plot, and the picture of Lali's wild horseback ride is vividly told. (D. Appleton & Co.)

IF JUVENILE STORIES influence the minds of their readers, then young people who are fortunate enough to come into the possession of John Kendrick Bangs's "Half-Hours with Jimmieboy" should grow up philosophers and wits. The half-concealed satire one reads in these pages is only equalled by the humor that bubbles out of them. From the story of the Bicyclopædia Bird to that of the Speeler who was sorrowful because there was no such thing as himself, the tales have the grotesque originality, in character and narration, peculiar to this author's writings. Some of them are reprinted from the Harper periodicals. The book is fully and delightfully illustrated. (R. H. Russell & Son.)—**"AN INDIA RUBBER LIE,"** by Mrs. A. H. W. Raynor, is a story with a moral and illustrations by Miss L. M. Prescott. The moral is somewhat marred by inconsistency on the part of the author, but little readers will fail to discover this, and, we hope sincerely, walk in the path of righteousness forever after having perused the tale. It is all about a lie—the "Indian Rubber" part of it must remain a secret—and the lie was told by a little girl who was found out by her father. Being a father of the old school, with strict ideas of discipline and a strong belief in the efficiency of punishment, the father consigns the little sinner to solitary confinement in her room, giving her also an impressive lecture on the crime of telling lies. This duty performed, he walks to the front door and tells a fib himself, assuring his daughter's playmates that she is not well. A preface by Bishop F. D. Huntington accompanies the story, which is dedicated to the girls of the Annie Wright Seminary. (Tacoma, Wash.: Allen & Lamborn.)

**M. LUDOVIC HALÉVY**, known to the good and the virtuous as the author of "L'Abbé Constantin," and to the sentimental as the writer of "Un Mariage d'Amour," is in reality an awfully sarcastic man, one whom greatness and riches do not dazzle, who knows the theatre from the star to the scene-shifter, and the opera from the prima donna to Mesdemoiselles Cardinal. M. Halévy is a very polished writer, perfect in method and manner; in fact, he is reliable, always furnishing exactly what his admirers expect. So, for instance, his sarcastic treatment of the great of this earth. Millions and duchesses are always blended in his stories, for a nobility that is poor is not harmonious in fiction or in real life, and only brilliant ball-rooms, and drawing-rooms luxurious à la Georges Ohnet, furnish a fitting background for the gentle satire that his readers consider as their due. He is not anarchistic, nor even bitter; on the contrary, one feels that, like Thackeray, he dearly loves a lord, and, as lords admire "Les Petites Cardinal," M. Halévy loves the latter with a love that is platonic and contemplative. He is not very original, but he is amusing and very chic. Some of his best trifles have found an admirable interpreter in Miss Edith V. B. Matthews, who has succeeded in preserving the author's graceful Gallic touch in her translation of the nine stories that form "Parisian Points of View," the new volume of the Odd Number Series. The best of all is "The Chinese Ambassador," who jots down in his diary the perplexities of his position. He has been sent by his Imperial Master to carry presents to the Emperor and Empress of France, and, arriving in London, learns that there is no longer a French Empire, and that the seat of the republican government is at Tours. Before he has time to start, however, he learns that the head of the nation resides at Chiselhurst, at Frohsdorf, in Austria, and at Twickenham. When he reaches Paris at



last, and is about to see M. Thiers, the Communists upset all his plans. Over the other stories the atmosphere of Paris hangs, bright and sparkling. "Only a Waltz," "The Story of a Ball-Dress," "The Most Beautiful Woman in Paris," are three sketches of *le high-life*, real and pretended. "The Insurgent," on the other hand, deals with that turbulent other half which barricades the boulevards and burns the monuments of the world's capital; "The Dancing-Master" comes from behind the scenes and looks at life only in its dependence for success upon choregraphy. The choice of stories could not be improved upon. M. Halévy has been as happy in finding an interpreter as was Maupassant when Mr. Sturgis gathered "The Odd Number" from his many volumes. Mr. Brander Matthews introduces the author to his American readers. (Harper & Bros.)

THE MOTHER-LONGING in an old maid's heart must ever be a subject for pathetic and reverent treatment, and in "A Spinster's Leaflets" Alyn Yates Keith has given this successfully. In the Saturday editions of *The Evening Post*, some time ago, appeared instalments of this little story under the title of "My Doorstep Baby," now re-published in a neat volume. No true man ever laughed at an Old Maid as an Old Maid. As a recent writer has said, "Some of that estate may be ridiculous, but none is so because of her condition." Ridicule must then be feared, for often it is dangerous to call upon the tender emotions in literature. But there is nothing maudlin in the loneliness of this Spinster in a New England farm house, for her gentle humor is exuberant in the details of a life of frosty virginity. The book is wholesome and sweet-savored like homespun linen laid away with lavender in an heirloom chest. (Lee & Shepard.)—WHATEVER else may be said of "The Quickening of Caliban," by J. Compton Rickett, it certainly is dull. It is a missionary story of Euraficans (which is surely as good a word as Eurasians), dealing with the Zulu bush, London music-halls, drawing-rooms and police courts, and the University of Cambridge. Most of the characters are converted to Methodism and die before the end of the last chapter. But the heroine disappears toward the land of which Stanley has written. What became of her thereafter is of the remotest consequence to the reader. (Cassell Publishing Company.)—THE SOCIETY for Promoting Christian Knowledge, like all good people, sometimes makes mistakes. It made a great mistake if it ever supposed that "From the Bush to the Breakers," by F. Frankfort Moore, was anything more than a tolerably clever story of adventure without any characters in it. This novel is of the old-fashioned amateur, impossible sort, of which one cannot think nowadays except as a book for boys. It has the full complement of adventurers, highwaymen, captures, repulses, murders, hairbreadth escapes and opportune accidents—in short, all the orthodox improbabilities, both by land and sea, which made up the old-style story of adventure, as written by a man who was not a genius. It also has a number of poor illustrations which the title-page fathers upon W. H. Overend. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

Mr. I. ZANGWILL's Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo de Acosta, "The King of Schnorrers," lived in London, a hundred years ago. As his name convincingly proves, he was a "Sephardim," or Portuguese Jew, and consequently an aristocrat to the rich Ashkenazim, or German and Polish Jews, whom he honored by accepting their alms. For the "Schnorrer" is a beggar by profession, and is found wherever Israel congregates—in the Ghetto of the poor and at the portals of his rich co-religionists—in Hester Street and in Lexington Avenue. For New York, too, has its "Schnorrers"; they sprang up with the first synagogue, and Second Avenue near Saint Mark's was their first field of operation. The aristocratic origin of the "Sephardim" is lost in the mystery of the Dark Ages, and they themselves can give no explanation of the feeling of caste existing between themselves and the Jews of Poland and Germany, who, however, admit their superiority without question. The Sephardim owe their aristocratic family names mainly to ancestors who abjured their faith under compulsion, and received in baptism the names of their noble Portuguese sponsors. Later, when they had settled in Holland, England and Belgium, they returned to the faith of their fathers, but kept the names by which they had so long been known. Uriel A'Costa was one of them, and Spinoza was the son of Portuguese parents. The name Mr. Zangwill has chosen for his "Schnorrer" is but slightly exaggerated; even to-day London and Amsterdam have their Leaos de Laguna de Lacosta, their Teixeiras de Mattos, their Oroblós de Castro, and their Lopez Suassos. He shows the difference between the two branches of Israel, the gulf that divides even now the descendants of the physicians and astronomers of Moorish princes from the Polish Jew. The "King's" stock-in-trade is a thorough knowledge of the Talmud, with a genius for torturing texts into meanings to suit his purposes,

and an inexhaustible fund of impudence:—"The good deed you might have put to your account by a gratuity to me, God has taken from you. He has declared you unworthy of achieving righteousness through me. Go your way, murderer!" The best sketch of low life among the Jews in this volume is "A Rose of the Ghetto," wherefrom the inquisitive reader may obtain much information about the Shadchan and the diplomatic difficulties of his profession. "Flutterduck," too, is photographic in its exactness, and touched with telling humor. "A Tragic-Comedy of the Creeds" is only a new version of a very old story, but the remaining tales are interesting, and in serious as well as humorous vein. The illustrations are by George Hutchinson, Phil May, F. H. Townsend, Irving Montague, Mark Zangwill and A. J. Finberg, and deserve a hearty word of praise. (Macmillan & Co.)

#### New Books and New Editions

Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has added a fourth volume to his list. In "Essays about Men, Women and Books," he talks in his lightest vein on subjects of great importance. He starts with Dean Swift and his biographers, and contributes to Swiftian lore an anecdote, which, we think, is new and strangely clean. Then follow Lord Bolingbroke, "the most accomplished of our political rascals," and Sterne, "our best example of the plagiarist whom none dare make ashamed." He constructs "the noble gospel according to Dr. Johnson," and next turns his attention to Richard Cumberland, Alexander Knox and Thomas de Quincey. Hannah More he treats mercilessly, labelling her "one of the most detestable writers that ever held a pen." She was, he says, "the first, and I trust the worst, of a large class \* \* \* 'the well-to-do Christian.' It inhabited snug places in the country, and kept an excellent, if not dainty table. The money it saved in a ball-room it spent upon a greenhouse. Its horses were fat, and its coachman invariably present at family prayers. Its pet virtue was church twice on Sunday, and its peculiar horrors theatrical entertainments, dancing and three-penny points. Outside its garden wall lived the poor who, if virtuous, were forever curtsying to the ground or wearing neat uniforms, except when expiring upon truckle-beds beseeching God to bless the young ladies of the Grange or the Manor House, as the case might be." To Marie Bashkirtseff he does full justice, exposing the colossal selfishness enshrined in that young lady's once famous "Journal." An article on Sir John Vanbrugh is followed by one on John Gay that is exceedingly bright and brilliant, as befits its subject. Roger North's "Autobiography" is briefly reviewed; "Books Old and New" is a reply to Mr. Frederic Harrison's complaints about the decadence of English letters; and "Book-binding," a rambling paper on the delights of that art—or is it a science? "Poets-Laureate," "Parliamentary Candidates," "The Bonâ-Fide Traveller," "Hours in a Library," "Authors and Critics" and "Americanisms and Briticisms" complete the list of contents. The last paper is a review of Mr. Brander Matthews's book of that name, and is written in Mr. Matthews's own agreeable vein, though not from his standpoint. Altogether, this new product of Mr. Birrell's pen will fit nicely in contents and appearance beside "Obiter Dicta" and "Res Judicata" on the book-shelf of every reader of taste. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE FIRST PART of "Our Navy, its Growth and Achievements," has just been published, and deals principally with the history of the navy from the beginning of the War of Independence to the war with France. Many a half-forgotten name is recorded here, as it deserves, beside those of Paul Jones and Decatur. Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien, who captured the British war-schooner *Margaretta* with a nameless lumber sloop, opens the record, and then follow tales of daring and a list of glorious fighters: Hopkins, John Barry, Whipple, Biddle, Lambert, Wickes and so many others. The second division of this part contains large colored plates, with descriptive articles, of the Boston, Baltimore, Atlanta, Chicago, Yorktown, Charleston, San Francisco, Richmond, New York, Cushing, Miantonomoh, Newark, Kearsarge, Constitution, Macedonian, Alarm, Philadelphia, Vesuvius, Machias, Massachusetts and Marblehead. Throughout the text there are numerous illustrations of things naval and historical, and ornamental head-and-tail pieces appropriately made up of trophies of war. This work, by the way, has it that the first foreign salute to the United States flag "is said to have been that given off Nantes to Captain Paul Jones." It is more likely, however, that the Stars and Stripes were first saluted by the Dutch in the West Indies. An introduction reviews the growth of our new navy, and the growing interest taken in it by the nation, which, after the War of Secession, believed for a long time that a naval force was unnecessary, and that this country would meet emergencies, as it had done before, with ready resource. An appendix to the work—to be published with the third part—will contain a complete list and a technical history of all the war-

ships in commission, in course of construction or provided for. When completed, it will form a very handsome volume, worthy of a place in all American homes. (Hartford, Conn.: American Pub. Co.)

IN THE RIVERSIDE EDITION of Thoreau's writings have been published six additional volumes, completing the edition. They are: "Spring" (Vol. V); "Summer" (Vol. VI.); "Autumn" (Vol. VII.); "Winter" (Vol. VIII.); "Excursions" (Vol. IX.), and "Miscellanies" (Vol. X.), the latter containing Emerson's biographical sketch of Thoreau and the General Index. Vols. V. and X. contain portraits, and the four books on the seasons are provided with introductions from the pen of Mr. H. G. O. Blake. It should be added that in this new edition of "Spring" have been inserted those passages from the Journal, taken from the first four days of April, which had appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1878, and which had been omitted in former editions. In "Excursions" have been gathered "A Yankee in Canada" and the numerous papers published during 1842 and 1843 in *The Dial*, *The Boston Miscellany* and *The Democratic Review*, and in 1860-62 and 78 in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's Monthly* and *The Weekly Tribune*. The biographical sketch prefacing the "Miscellanies" was originally an address made at Thoreau's funeral by Emerson. He expanded it afterwards for use in *The Atlantic Monthly*, which published it in Aug., 1862. The papers grouped in "Miscellanies" are studies of life, literature and religion, and are arranged in the order of their first appearance, Thoreau's earliest printed production, "The Service; Qualities of the Recruit" (1840), appropriately opening the book. The volume contains also his verse, notably his translations of "Prometheus Bound," and from Pindar and Anacreon. The portrait is from an ambrotype taken in 1861. The General Index closes the volume, and seems to leave nothing to be desired. The edition will be an unending source of pleasure to lovers of Thoreau. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—THE "Proceedings and Addresses at the Installation and Inauguration of James Hampton Kirkland, Ph.D.," Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, fill a pamphlet of forty-seven pages. In June, 1891, Dr. Landon C. Garland tendered his resignation as Chancellor of the University, which position he had held since its foundation, and in June 20, 1893, his successor was elected. The installation exercises, held on June 21, and the addresses delivered at the inauguration of the new Chancellor on Sept. 25, are reprinted at length, Prof. Kirkland's address being a brief but interesting study of education in this country and a history of Vanderbilt University. (Nashville, Tenn.: Published by the University.)—MR. MANSON SEAVY'S "Practical Business Bookkeeping by Double Entry" is at the same time a text-book for schools and business colleges, a book of reference for business men and accountants, and a self-instructor for the private student. The author is terse in his explanations, and has succeeded in giving a certain attractiveness to a very dry subject. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

WE HAVE received from the Bureau of Statistics of Labor the volumes for 1891 and 1892, dealing with "Rates of Wages," "Strikes and Boycotts," and "Economic Development for Ten Years." (Albany: James B. Lyon.)—NUMBER SEVEN of the Indiana Historical Society's publications contains "The Man in History," an oration for the Columbian year, delivered before the Society by John Clark Ridpath. Number eight of the same series is entitled "Ouitanon: a Study in Indiana History," by Oscar J. Craig, A.M., Ph.D., and number nine contains "Reminiscences of a Journey to Indianapolis in the Year 1836," by Judge C. P. Ferguson, accompanied by a "Life of Ziba Foote," by Samuel Morrison. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.)—RECENT additions to the publications of the American Academy of Political and Social Science are "Married Women's Property in Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Law, and the Origin of the Common-Law Dower," by Florence Griswold Buckstaff; and "The First State Constitutions," by William C. Morey. The January issue of the *Annals of the American Academy* has also been published. (Philadelphia.)—THE latest two Johns Hopkins University Studies are "Local Government in the South and Southwest," by Prof. Edward W. Bemis, Ph.D.; "Popular Election of U. S. Senators," by John Haynes; and "The Cincinnati Southern Railway: a Study in Municipal Activity," by J. H. Hollander, to which has been added "A Memorial of Lucius S. Merriam, Ph.D." (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.)—THE Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution has published a "Bibliography of the Salishan Languages," by James Constantine Pilling. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)—THE DEVELOPMENT of the Nominating Convention in Rhode Island, by Neil Andrews, A.B., has been reprinted from the publications of the Rhode Island Historical Society in the Papers from the Historical Seminary of Brown University. (Providence, R. I.)—THE MODERN NEWSPAPER, a lecture de-

livered by John Addison Porter, editor of the *Hartford Post*, in Charter Oak Hall, Hartford, has been reprinted in pamphlet form.—THE fourth annual "Report of the Home-Hotel" for needy authors, artists, teachers and others in the various professions covers the years 1891-92. (New York.)—THE METHODIST YEAR-BOOK for 1894 has just been published. (Hunt & Eaton.)—THE "Public Ledger Almanac" (Philadelphia: George W. Childs), and the "Tribune Almanac" (New York), contain all the features that have made their earlier issues valuable as hand-books of ready reference. We know of no more useful newspaper almanac than the *Tribune's*.

THE REV. ALEX. J. D. D'ORSEY of Cambridge, England, has written a scholarly work entitled "Portuguese Discoveries, Dependencies and Missions in Asia and Africa." The well-printed book embodies the labors and researches of many years, and gives one a clear idea of the great activity of this little country along the whole coast of Africa and in the East Indies. It seems astonishing that such a small state as Portugal should have been so forward in exploiting the coast of Asia. While America was given to the Spaniards by Papal decree, Portugal had control of the East. Until the Dutchmen got hold of their charts and their secrets of pilotage and navigation, the Portuguese had things pretty much their own way. Merchants, soldiers, sailors, immigrants, adventurers of all kinds crowded into the Portuguese settlements, as men rush in our own day to newly discovered diggings, petroleum wells or any other source of tempting wealth. Necessarily, in telling his story, Dr. D'Orsey gives an account of the Church and her conquests, as well as of those of the Portuguese arms. He describes the rise of the Jesuits, the pioneers of the Portuguese missions, and dwells with interest upon the life and labors of Xavier. The story of the Roman Catholic claim of supremacy, of the absorption of the Syrian or St. Thomas Christians, and of the Synod of Diamper (Udiampurur) is told vividly and with conscientious adherence to the testimony of the documents of the period. The author's point of view is that of an Anglican ecclesiastic, but his temper is that of a scholar, his treatment of Xavier being especially illustrative of his freedom from narrow-mindedness and bigotry. The later chapters are taken up by an account of modern English missions among the Syrian Christians in Southern India. At first the Anglicans and the St. Thomas Christians were able to harmonize, but soon the rupture came, and before long the Roman Catholic missionaries were able to revive and enlarge their work of the sixteenth century. There are several appendices showing great learning and research; but, strange as it may seem, there is no index. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of Christian missions. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)

### "La Bella Strega"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I read with great pleasure the very kindly mention made of me by The Lounger in *The Critic* of Jan. 13, in which he states that a penny broadside of an old song of mine, translated as "La Bella Strega," is sold in Florence as a "*nuova canzonetta di* Charles Godfrey Leland." But, to be accurate, it was not a translation, but originally written by me in Italian with a number of others, all in the old-fashioned, rude, popular style. It came to be published, by odd chance, in a droll way. Among the many originals whom I knew in Florence was a very genial damsel who, in addition to being a milliner, was in training for the opera, and had, moreover, really marvellous gifts as a living repertory of old ballads and legends, but, above all, as an *improvisatore*, in which latter talent I never met with her like. What rendered it most remarkable, was her utter unconsciousness of possessing any out-of-the-way ability in this respect. Yet she once versified for me the story of Lamia as she had heard it told among the people, and I think, while, of course, inferior to the great poem by Keats on the same subject as regards elaboration, it is far superior to it in terseness, point and, above all, in fidelity to the old classic legend. Marietta declared that my ballads really ought to be published, and that I deserved to appear before the public as a poet. So she took "La Bella Strega" to a printer of half-penny broadsides, who is the Catnach of Florence, and who kindly expressed admiration of the song, as did his assistant typo. Marietta made special instance that there should be a picture of a ship at the head, and as one was found among the "stock-blocks," she further persuaded the *stampatore* to add to it the likeness of a sea-gull, to illustrate the text fully.

The following is a fairly accurate translation of the original, but, do what I could, I found it impossible to give the English that air of antiquity and *contadino* expression which my friends here find in the Italian.



## THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH

A pretty witch was bathing  
By the bank and in the bay,  
There came a ship with pirates,  
Who carried her away.

The ship with the wind behind her  
Went sailing merrily,

"O, Signor Capitano,  
O, Captain of the Sea,  
I will give a hundred ducats  
If you will set me free!"

"I will not take a hundred.  
You're worth much more I know.  
For a thousand golden sequins  
I'll sell you to the Sultan.  
You price yourself too low."

"If you will not take a hundred,  
Then you can let them be;  
I have a constant lover  
Who, as you may discover,  
Will never abandon me."

She softly sang—at her singing  
The waves began to stir:

"Oh come to me, my lover!"  
The wind away in the distance  
Began to sing with her.

Louder and ever louder  
They heard the breezes howl—  
Saith the Captain, "I think your lover  
Is the devil, to hear him growl."

Louder and ever louder  
The tempest roared and rang.  
"There's a reef ahead and the wind dead aft,  
Thank you, my love!"—the Lady laughed,  
And still to the Captain sang.

"Oh get you gone to your lover,  
And sing with the fiends for me,"  
Said the captain, and took the lady  
And threw her in the sea.

But light as any sea-gull,  
On the waves they saw her fly.

"Oh, Captain, you've escaped the gallows-tree,  
But only to drown in the foaming sea,  
O, Captain, for ever good-bye!"

FLORENCE, Feb. 3 1894.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

## "A Daniel Come to Judgment"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I wish to inquire into two things,—first, Why is such prominence always given the utterances of Mr. Andrew Lang, when he chances to say something sharp and stinging about America or Americans? Why do some of our foremost editors rise on tiptoe to catch his words and forthwith reproduce them in their journals with a few lines of dull, "wishy washy," refutatory comment? Do these gentlemen regard the "merry Andrew" as the supreme awardee of plums and persimmons in literature? or is it that their sensitive skins suffer from the spiteful pricking which Mr. Lang so liberally bestows? I should like to know what he has done to win for himself the high place which apparently these attentive gentlemen concede him. A few volumes of shallow verse and a few more of chatty, miscellaneous essays and sketches are hardly sufficient to win for their creator so exalted a station. And if we take him merely as a critic, what has he produced that is really valuable as criticism? He cannot begin to rank with Matthew Arnold as a critical writer, nor does he compare favorably with the foremost living critic, Mr. W. E. Henley. There is more meat in a single essay by this brilliant writer than in a dozen of Mr. Lang's. And yet Mr. Henley's name is rarely seen on this side of the Atlantic in connection with any ill-natured thing he may have said; not, however, because he does not say them—for he does, occasionally—but because, for some reason or other, it has not become the fashion to quote him. And he is a poet, too, which Mr. Lang is not. Let American editors cease giving currency to Mr. Lang's malignant outbursts, and we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he is denied the pleasure which the disquietude such repetition causes must afford one of his malevolent nature.

My second inquiry is, Why are American essayists everlastingly harping on the decadence of our literature, on the rapid dying-off of our best writers and the absence of younger men of merit to fill their places? Mr. Sydney G. Fisher's paper, "Has Immigration Dried up Our Literature?" in the January *Forum*, is a fair specimen of this form of pessimism. He asks:—"How does it happen

that our literature is a mere isolated patch? Why were we able to produce men of genius during the forty-five years from 1780 to 1825, and none before and none since? Why, also, did most of them appear in one State?" The answer is very simple. We were unable to produce men of literary genius before this period because the country was in such an unsettled condition that the inhabitants had neither time nor inclination to dabble in the gentle art of letters; and the fact that nearly all of these writers were natives of one State is perfectly consistent with the history of our country. Massachusetts was soonest settled by English-speaking people, and her inhabitants, having conquered the wilderness and placed themselves in comfortable circumstances sooner than those of other States, education was sooner diffused over her confines. As love of art comes of education, and as literary genius is but the nice development of the artistic spirit, the early maturing of her literature is logically explained. Mr. Fisher asks, why we were unable to produce men of genius after the year 1825, and why our literature is a mere isolated patch. Mr. Fisher must know that there is a law of Nature which tends to equalize all things. This particularly brilliant epoch in our literary history must by this law be followed by an epoch particularly barren, just as the undue exaltation of the spirit by wine or other intoxicants must be followed by an equal degree of depression. There is always a reaction. From a reaction is what the literature of America has been suffering. A period of great and original thinkers is always followed by a period of literary triflers, mere spinners of words, making fabrics beautiful, perhaps, but lacking strength and lasting qualities. Just such a period as the latter is what we have had during the years following 1825. Look about us at the many writers of beautiful, graceful English, and note the glaring deficiency of inventive and creative power in their writings. Something more than mere grace of style (Mr. Lang please take notice) is required to make a man's writings take their place as literature. But even these forty-five years are not wholly barren. There are at least two writers whose works are justly entitled to a high place—and fortunately enough, one in prose and the other in verse—namely, Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. James Whitcomb Riley; and their writings are racy of the soil. With the exception of Lowell, America has produced no writer whose works are national in their scope and feeling. That early Massachusetts school of writers were New Englanders writing of New England for New England readers; and both Mr. Harte and Mr. Riley are open to the same criticism—that their writings are limited to a certain locality and to a certain phase of manners and customs. However, we have cause for hope. The forty-five years of non-productiveness expired with 1869. Soon the fruit of the years immediately following will ripen and mature. America's brightest literary glory is yet to come, and—mark my words—within the present century there will rise in the West a novelist before whose genius the names of all others in America will fade like the stars in the circle of perpetual apparition before the light of the sun.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Jan. 19, 1894.

C. J. O.

## The Lounger

SOMEONE HAS SAID that "A Fogey," who writes of "The Young Men" in the February *Contemporary*, is either Andrew Lang or the Devil. I give my vote for the former gentleman. If Andrew Lang is not the author of that article, then that delightful writer has a most dangerous rival. There is much truth in what the "Fogey" says. The young men of to-day are getting a bit arrogant. They think that their word is law so far as reputations are concerned, and that it is their duty to discover genius and raise it to a pedestal by their concerted action. They cling together, these young fellows, and climb to fame over one another's shoulders. In the gentle pipings of contemporary poets they hear trumpet-blasts. They have not learned to distinguish the echo from the real voice, and they seize their pens and exclaim, "Listen! ye Philistines and fogies, a new poet has arisen. Do you not hear his voice singing rondeaux and triolets, sonnets and ballades? This is genius. Go to with your old men, your scholars! This is the voice of genius, the genius that scorns scholarship, that rises superior to books. The genius that soars on the wings of absinthe and opium. A Villon has arisen from the grave, a Chatterton is among us!" "Why do you think so?" you ask timidly. "Because," replies the "young man," "our poet leads the life of a vagabond. He is bound by no laws, he is a felon, a drunkard; his verse is inspired. Listen to this!" and you listen while the "young man" reads. But you hear only the pretty tinkle of the silver bell where he hears the loud alarum.

\* \* \*

THE SLANG OF THE DAY has one very comprehensive expression:—"He knows it all." This may be said of the "young man"—he "knows it all." He has his opinion ready to deliver on any

subject: religion, literature, art; and he does it all with such a serious air, and sends it forth in such pretty volumes, too, that we stop for the moment to listen and wonder, not so much at his wisdom as at his assurance. Give the "young man" a chance, however, I say; youth is no crime, but then, neither is middle life nor even old age. The young man of this generation is not more clever than he of the generation that is passing, but he has more assurance. He sets more value upon his own opinions. He is not content with the reputation posterity may give him. He wants it all now, and if he can get it in no other way, he, with the help of his friends, will make it for himself. Hang posterity! for, in the words of John Trumbull, "what has posterity done for us?" It is the fault of the times in which we live. Everything is done in a hurry. Steam is an old fogey, for electricity can accomplish more in less time. Railways will soon be a thing of the past: we shall be flying around in air-ships. Anything to save time! We buy our clothes ready-made and we get our reputations in the same way. Why should a poet, or even a prose-writer, wait for a verdict on his work till his hair is gray, when he can pack the jury-box and get a snap judgment in the twinkling of an eye? No, Mr Lang (or the Devil) is an old fogey, but at the same time he (Mr. Lang, not the other one) is a delightful old fogey.

"THE VAN BIBBERS," writes W. E. G., referring to two paragraphs that have recently appeared in this column, "were a fine old Maryland family of Hollandish descent, who had settled in Maryland before the Revolution. They were ardent patriots and adherents of the Continental Congress. Mr. Abram Van Bibber fitted out the privateer the Baltimore Hero, which, about the time of the first salute ever fired in honor of the American flag (at St. Eustachius in the West Indies, by the Dutch, Nov. 16, 1776), captured a British brigantine, and was made the subject of much correspondence between the Governments of London and the Hague."

M. C. SENDS ME the following communication on the same subject:—"Baltimoreans will be surprised to learn that Van Bibber is a fictitious name—Captain Isaac Van Bibber, the first of the name who came to America, was the commander of a vessel which belonged to Lord Baltimore's fleet, and settled in Cecil Co., Md. His descendants are numerous, many of them living in Carroll Co. in the same State. Within a few years three eminent physicians of Baltimore bore the name as descendants of Captain Isaac—Prof. Washington Chew Van Bibber, Prof. John Van Bibber, an eminent specialist of nervous diseases (both of whom died recently), and the present Dr. Van Bibber. The two latter were well known in New York."

IN A RECENT NUMBER of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's latest journalistic venture, *To-Day*, there is a long account of Sarah Grand, the interest in whose "Heavenly Twins" seems to continue unabated. The writer of the article describes Mme. Grand as "a most refined and charming-looking woman" and an "inspired listener." Sarah Grand is the name she is known by in private as well as public life, and she "strongly resents any attempt to put it aside." She is entirely English, though she was born in Ireland, and she suspects that there is a strain of French and Jewish blood somewhere in her veins. At sixteen years of age she married an officer in the British army and found herself the step-mother of two boys of eight and ten years old. She went with her husband to the East, and lived a restless, roving life. She published "Ideals" at her own expense, and "The Heavenly Twins," after proving the truth of the saying that "twins are never welcome," was finally offered to Mr. Heinemann, who accepted it at once. Sarah Grand is one of those writers who have a "message," and hers is to teach every woman that her object in life should be "the higher education of man."

GROBIANUS, A PROUD INHABITANT of the City of Brotherly Love, writes to me:—"Philadelphia is rich in private libraries," said a writer in the *Record* of this city, recently. The following extracts from his article will give the impression that the Quaker City is rich also in bibliographers:—"The Philobiblon Club, modelled after the Grolier Club \* \* \* has already been formed, with a priceless copy of the Richard de Bury [sic] of Professor West of Princeton, an old book from the Bell circulating-library, the gift of Judge Pennypacker, and a number of splendid Italian bindings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, one tooled for a duke, just brought back from Rome by lawyer Samuel Wagner, as 'the nucleus of a club collection.' Passing by the priceless 'de Bury,' and the gem donated by the distinguished jurist, the Grolier's chief cause for alarm will be found in that marvel of bibliopegistic skill 'tooled for a duke,' which, it is hoped, has something inside and is not a bare husk. From this on, the *Record's* expert quotes his

fellow-bibliognost, the City Librarian, whose work 'has been admirably revealed in an article entitled "Bibliophilism in Philadelphia," just published in the dainty "Book Lovers' Almanac for 1894," and we learn that Dr. Horace Howard Furness has a treasure in a quarto 'Hamlet,' with the name of 'the divine William' in the bard's own autograph—writ by Master Ireland! Mr. Bement includes among his 'rarest missals \* \* \* a Psalterium of the thirteenth century,' which is very much like saying the largest gudgeon is the whale. Mr. Clarence H. Clark's collection is neatly classified. Among his '5000 volumes one can find almost any specimen of bibliography [sic] from Elzevirs and Aldines to Pastissiers and Lortics.' This is, indeed, bibliography as she is cooked!"

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP must have been a small child when her father died; yet she seems to have a lively recollection of his habits, about which she writes pleasantly in the March number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. She says that Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote in a plain, unpretending room. A gold pen was his stand-by, and a bronze inkstand his nearest approach to luxury in his "tower study" at the "Way Side." "Tower studies" seem to be in favor with authors. Alexandre Dumas had a room at the top of his house, "quite under the roof," where he worked at a desk "covered with red velvet and spotted with ink." T. B. Aldrich also has a "tower study" which is entirely without embellishment. That is his workroom, but in his library down-stairs you find everything that the heart of the book-lover could wish. To my mind luxurious surroundings are distracting to work among. That is not the only reason I do not have them, however. There are certain things that I do insist upon and cannot make myself comfortable without: good light, falling over the left shoulder, a good temperature—pure and not too warm,—a large flat-top desk, good ink, good pens and good paper. For fripperies I do not care, but I like cleanliness. I want my desk well dusted, and with just as little litter about it as possible. I prefer to write in the morning, but I am compelled by the necessities of the case to do the most of my writing at night. It is only successful novelists who can choose their own time in the matter of working hours.

A GENTLEMAN whom I met the other evening told me that he had just purchased the control of a new type-setting machine. I thought of the millions of dollars that had gone into similar machines from the pockets of over-confident investors, and hesitated to congratulate him. Noticing my hesitation, he at once became a discourager of hesitancy by giving me some particulars. This new machine, he says, can set fifteen hundred "ems" an hour. If you are not a printer, this will be Greek to you. It is simple enough, an "m" being the letter by which type is measured. A compositor, instead of saying that he has set so many inches or yards of type in the course of a day, says so many "ems," and is paid at so much (I suppose he would say so little) a thousand "ems." Seven or eight hundred "ems" an hour is considered pretty fast setting, but this machine sets double that many. All type-setting machines now in use are expensive and complicated, but this new one is neither. It is as simple as A B C, its owner tells me, and can be sold for one hundred dollars! So we may look forward to the day when a type-setting machine will share with the type-writer and the telephone a portion of every well-regulated office. Think, too, of the amateur presses that will spring up in every State in the Union.

WHILE PEOPLE are inventing, I wonder why they don't invent something to make type-writing machines noiseless. I have been racking my brain to think of something, but all my suggestions are set aside with scorn. When sewing-machines were first invented, they were as noisy as a fire-engine under full head, but now they are as noiseless as a cable-car when the gong is not ringing. I have great faith in Yankee ingenuity, and believe that the noiseless type-writing machine is only a question of time, and not a very long time, either.

PROF. JOHN MURRAY of Nordhoff, Cal., writes to me as follows:—"It seems to me that celebrated actors have achieved most of their success by some lucky choice of character, rather than by study and accomplishments. In other words, *individuality* has made more than half of the success. From my own experience of the stage, beginning fifty years ago, with the famous Park Theatre, I offer the following list, which many of your readers could enlarge. Such a list suggests the difficulty of getting out of one's self, notwithstanding stage accessories, and the absurdity of much attempted personation upon the platform, without any such accessories:—Harry Placide as Sir Harcourt Courtly, W. E. Burton as Captain Cuttle, E. S. Chanfrau as Mose of the Bowery, Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies, Junius Brutus Booth as Richard III., Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, and Edwin Booth as Hamlet."



## The Fine Arts

### The Secretary of the Treasury and Architecture

MR. CARLISLE will probably ask Congress to repeal the Tarsney bill, providing that the Secretary of the Treasury may obtain "plans, drawings and specifications for the erection of public buildings for the United States, authorized by Congress, \* \* \* by competition among architects, \* \* \* provided that not less than five architects shall be invited by the said Secretary to compete, \* \* \* and provided further that the general supervision of the work shall continue in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department."

Mr. Carlisle's resolution to ask for the repeal of this bill seems to be the outcome of the solicitations of the American Institute of Architects, to have the bill put in practical operation. The Secretary, in conference with Supervising Architect O'Rourke, has come to the conclusion that this is impracticable, as it would abolish the draughtsman's division of the Architect's office, and leave the Treasury without authority over the construction of public buildings. The bill would do more: it would raise the architectural standard of Government buildings, insure their adaptability to climate and surroundings, and render impossible their present hideousness of uniformity. It would take away not one bit of the Secretary's authority: he is represented by his *Supervising Architect*, whose duties are plainly circumscribed by his official title. It is to be hoped that Mr. Carlisle will not only not request the repeal of the bill, but will acknowledge the excellence of its aims, and see that it is enforced. It would be a sad blow to the cause of art in this country, if the bill were to be repealed after the strenuous and successful efforts made in so many quarters to have it passed. To let it remain a dead letter would be almost equally disappointing and harmful.

### The Newman Exhibition at Knoedler's

MR. R. L. NEWMAN'S pictures, which a committee of his friends has brought together at the Knoedler gallery to be exhibited until March 15, have proved an agreeable surprise even to those who knew the charm of his separate canvases scattered here and there. By massing, the painter's work gains in the impression of both its range and its strength, while its harmony is undisturbed by any note of discord arising from a variety of "period." This is perhaps because all of the work shown has been produced within ten or a dozen years, and after the painter's aims were matured. Yet, we should expect to find the work of Mr. Newman's thirties and forties (which he probably painted out) in harmony with that of his fifties and sixties, now shown. For he impresses one as having those elements of his art which do not change with scholastic training: an inherent simplicity, an exquisite sense of color and a poetic feeling for nature. Of scholastic training, indeed, he had but little—a scant five months under Couture; had he been subjected to the academic drill of the present day, would it have increased or diminished the charm of this collection of beautiful jewels? Would he even have been a better draughtsman? And do the art-schools themselves produce a proper proportion of good draughtsmen? Not long ago a gentleman in the thick of our art-life was asked to recommend a man to draw horses. "My dear sir," was the reply, "there is only one man in New York who can draw a horse, and he can draw only one kind!" Doubtless the speaker did not expect to be taken literally, but the fact remains (and Mr. Newman's untutored work emphasizes it), that we may easily overestimate the value of methods of teaching. Color is itself the highest kind of drawing, and in this sense Mr. Newman is an excellent draughtsman. His largest "Holy Family," evidently unfinished in the lower third, shows defects of definition which his color would probably remedy. It shows, however, a more important defect—a faulty composition which his better-considered work, such as "The Nightingale," does not show. The latter picture is particularly charming in composition, modeling and poetic suggestiveness. To say that Mr. Newman's work reminds us of Delacroix, Monticelli, Diaz and Millet, is to pay it the highest compliment. What other of our American painters reminds us agreeably of the color of the acknowledged masters? Many of them suggest one another, but Mr. Newman's individuality is not eclipsed by his affiliations. He exhibits that rare and delightful characteristic which we call quality, and which the world cherishes equally with power. It makes little difference what is the subject of his picture—a "Madonna and Child," a "Hagar and Ishmael," a "Good Samaritan," a "Red Riding-Hood," a "Sappho," a tiger or a group of children—and these are all recurring themes—what one feels first is the sincerity and brilliance of his color on a poetic background of mysterious tones. He handles color not timidly, but with an almost spiritual perception of its pervasiveness in nature. He has nothing of the exactness of the topographical school that can map the very mist; but he adds to nature the subtle, indefinable but indis-

pensable ideality that makes it art. We have among living American painters colorists of rare beauty, such as La Farge and Inness—to name only two. The present exhibition will make it hereafter impossible truthfully to complete the list, without including the name of R. L. Newman.

### Prof. Waldstein on Mr. Ruskin

*The Work of John Ruskin. By Charles Waldstein. Harper & Bros.*

THERE ARE NOT MANY more necessary tasks before contemporary criticism than to sift the good from the bad in Mr. Ruskin's writings, and there are few critics, if any, so capable of doing this as Prof. Waldstein. He might therefore have spared the considerable number of pages of his little book that he devotes to justification of its existence. He considers Ruskin as a writer on art; as founder of what he calls "the phenomenology of nature"; as a prose poet; as a writer on social, political and economical questions; and the relation of his work to the sports and pastimes of England. In general, he takes a broader, more sensible view of things than Ruskin, but also, very often, a lower view; and once or twice he drops the tone appropriate to the critic to assume that of the controversialist. He begins by pointing out the great fault of Ruskin's theory of art—that it sets out from high moral ideas suggested by, rather than contained in, the works of the great masters, instead of grounding itself upon the sensuous element which is essential to all art. But he acknowledges that Ruskin has done good service in this way against the vulgar Bohemianism that was current among English artists before his time. Perhaps he overrates the effect of Ruskin's teaching in this way. He should also admit that there is no scientific standpoint possible, as yet, to a writer on art. He goes on to attack Ruskin's romanticism, which, to be sure, is vulnerable enough; but to put it forward, as he does, as representing the great intellectual movement of the first half of the century, is to mistake the final convulsions for the fulness of life. It is true that there was always an element of weakness in the romantic dislike of the "rude and real," but it is undeniable that there is an element of baseness in the present state of content with what is actual. To Ruskin's romanticism Prof. Waldstein traces his frequent tirades against "modern improvements"; but here again he oversteps the bounds of moderation in statement which he himself would set. It is not, for instance, the often slight physical difference between an original work of art and a reproduction that counts, but the habit into which many have fallen of considering the copy as good as the original or even more perfect. And, given that habit (which in reality is nearly universal), what becomes of one of the highest sources of pleasure in works of art—admiration of the artist and sympathy with him? Again, even on the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number, Ruskin is justified, it seems to us, in resenting the intrusion of crowds of tourists into his favorite haunts. We are sure that his critic will admit, on consideration, that the pleasure experienced by the tourists in eating sandwiches and drinking beer in unaccustomed places (a pleasure which we are far from despising, seeing that it is in a way romantic) hardly weighs against that which Ruskin has given to a much greater number of equally respectable people. We imagine that, if it depended upon votes, Ruskin might have any part of Switzerland that he wished, and put a barbed-wire fence about it.

But on one point Prof. Waldstein vastly overrates his subject's powers. "Ruskin has insisted upon and developed," he says, "a new form and habit of observation of nature which can make of us landscape-painters for the nonce, *gaining all the delight* which is inherent in great pictures themselves, without any of the painful effort necessary for the execution of these works by the brush or the pencil." And, again, "Ruskin can make non-painting painters of every man and woman." Ruskin, himself, never wrote anything so absurd. Ruskin's "phenomenology," his way of regarding nature, has not made a single painter, though it may have spoiled a few. It may also have helped to fashion some charming writers, such as Mr. Burroughs. We may, however, say of Prof. Waldstein what he says of Ruskin, that he is to be followed when he admires, except in the above instance. He very clearly perceives the value of Ruskin's economical ideas, for example, and his appreciation of him as a great literary artist is delicate and profound. We need not add that where Greek art and Greek ideas are in question, Prof. Waldstein is by much the weightier authority.

### Art Notes

THE PENNSYLVANIA Academy of the Fine Arts has purchased the "Portrait of Mr. Gladstone at Downing Street," by John McLure Hamilton, which was one of the features of its just-closed 63rd Annual Exhibition. This is a duplicate of the picture recently purchased by the Luxembourg. Mr. Hamilton is a native of Philadelphia and was a student in the Academy Schools. He is now in this country, but has for some years lived in England, where

much of his work has been done. This is the third purchase made by the Academy from the late exhibition, the others being "The Fox Hunt," by Homer, and "Turkish Page," by Duveneck. The portrait will be included in the Temple collection.

—The Architectural League of New York held its annual dinner and election on the night of March 6. The Avery Prize, a bronze medal for the best design for a pulpit for an Episcopal church, was awarded to Hobart A. Walker, and the President's Prize, \$50 for the best design for the Catalogue of the League's next annual exhibition, in December, by Charles I. Berg. Mr. George B. Post, the President, and Mr. Charles R. Lamb, the Vice-President, were re-elected. Messrs. Daniel Chester French, Ehrick K. Rossiter and Julius Harder were elected as the executive committee of the class of '97.

## Music

### Three Books on Music

THE DESIRE to listen to music with the understanding as well as with the ears is growing. Those who really love music are eager to cultivate a discriminating taste, so that they may exercise it in hearing new compositions, and not be forced to stand content to await the verdict of time. This public demand has led to the publication of books designed to supply it. There are several subjects which must be studied in order that musical taste shall be cultivated. Of these not the least important is the history of music. By this is not meant the history of musicians, but the story of the growth and development of the art itself. Step by step music has advanced from the stiff and elementary Gregorian chant to the splendid music-dramas of Wagner and the mighty orchestral fantasies of Tchaikowsky. He who knows the causes of that progress, the impulses and the ideas which governed it, will be better able to grasp the intent of new works, to perceive the measure in which they fulfill that intent, and to decide whether they breathe the spirit of advance or retrogression. The ordinary history of music is an account of the lives and achievements of individual composers. The student is compelled to make his own inductions. But Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry, one of the most enlightened musicians in England—indeed, in the world—has written a book which sets the whole subject before the student. Without entering into biographical particulars, Dr. Parry has described with luminous detail and methodic accuracy the technical, intellectual and emotional steps in the development of music as an art. He has shown how the scales of various nations were made; how melodies are constructed, how harmony grew, how counterpoint rose, and, in short, how the beautiful, irresistible, complex music of to-day sprang from the seed sown in the Roman Empire by the Greeks. Dr. Parry's literary style, it must be admitted, is a trifle dry; but the catholicity of his taste, the calmness and justice of his judgment, the breadth of his scholarship, and the clearness of his exposition combine to make a book whose value cannot easily be overestimated. We have no hesitation in pronouncing "The Art of Music" the best work ever written on this subject. It deserves to become the standard authority. Certainly no musician or lover of music should fail to read it. (D. Appleton & Co.)—THE labors of Prof. John K. Paine in getting out the parts of the J. B. Millet Co.'s "Famous Composers and their Works" are practically at an end, as only four more parts are to come. Parts 17 to 24 maintain the high character of the work. Such an article, for instance, as that of H. E. Krehbiel on Weber is in itself enough to attract the attention of music-lovers. Its discussion of Wagner's debt to Weber is new and able. Other important articles in these parts are J. S. Dwight's on Mendelssohn, Adolph Jullien's on Spontini, and B. E. Woolfe's on Verdi. The illustrations and examples are good. (J. B. Millet Co.)—MR. C. C. MILLER'S "Tables for the Writing of Elementary Exercises in the Study of Harmony" are arranged to conform with Sechter's "Fundamental Harmonies," and are followed by a supplement by the same author, intended to serve as a guide to chord succession and harmonization. (Wm. A. Pond & Co.)

## London Letter

A WEEK THAT has been given over to anarchist scares and a political crisis has little enough leisure in which to remember things literary. We have been mostly what Aristotle would have called "political animals" this week; and, since politics are fortunately eschewed by *The Critic*, my letter must suffer somewhat in consequence. But there are one or two interesting events to relate. About the time that my London Letter was hurrying to its steamer last week, a very select and earnest little gathering was assembled in Whitehall Court, at the house of Colonel and Mrs. Gouraud, upon a singularly impressive occasion. The meeting was

convened to hear from the phonograph a last message delivered by Cardinal Manning, at whose particular request the words had remained unrevealed for some time after his death. The Cardinal, it seems, had been deeply impressed by the phonograph, and had, as is generally known, made use of it during his life-time in sending messages, not only to colleagues in America, but even to the Pope himself. The cylinder containing the present message was discovered in Archbishop's House by Cardinal Vaughan, at whose suggestion the company was invited to hear its first utterance. The room was well filled. Among the familiar faces in the company were those of the United States Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, Lord and Lady Knutsford, the Attorney-General and Lady Russell, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley, Mr. Justice Wright, the Lady Mayoress, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, Sir Richard Webster, Madame Belle Cole and many others. In the centre of the room, close to the phonograph, was set a bust of Edison. Col. Gouraud manipulated the instrument. The message was most distinctly audible. Its text was as follows:—"To all who may come after me: I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken in my life, will be found to have done harm to anyone after I am dead." It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful message, or one more consonant with the character of the man who left it.

In these days of haste, when a book is almost conceived to-day, written to-morrow, and published the day thereafter, it is no common thing to encounter a work which represents the labor of something like a quarter of a century. No less time, however, has been devoted by Prof. Skeat to his edition of Chaucer in six volumes, the first of which was issued to subscribers yesterday from the Clarendon Press. This monumental edition is to contain all Chaucer's authenticated writings, both in prose and verse, and will give us what is probably the nearest possible approach to a final and authoritative text. The first volume contains the life of the poet, "The Romaunt of the Rose" and the minor poems. The phonetic spelling used by the writer of the Ellesmere manuscript has been followed, so that we get a text which practically represents the music of Chaucer's verse as it first fell upon the ears of his contemporaries.

It is rarely that unpublished works by great authors are discovered nowadays, and a good deal of interest is likely to be aroused, therefore, by the series of original sketches by Thackeray, the first instalment of which is printed in the March number of *The New Review*. There are six sketches in all, forming a little burlesque story of love and married jealousy. They were drawn by Thackeray in a single evening for the amusement of his friend, the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke. As a matter of fact, they were a travesty on a *cause célèbre* of the hour and there is a good deal of characteristically Thackerayan humor in their composition.

Another actor has joined the ranks of the managers in the person of Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who, on Wednesday night, re-opened Terry's Theatre with a farce entitled "The New Boy," which, though new to London playgoers, had made a very successful appearance in the provinces. The experiment seems to promise well, and, if the encouragement of critics is to count for anything, there seems no reason why "The New Boy" should not prove as popular as the ever-green "Charley's Aunt." The fun is of the broadest character, and in some respects the idea of the plot resembles that of Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa," which, however, never proved so attractive on the stage as in its original form. The humor lies in the adventures of the very youthful second husband of a mature widow, who passes him off as her son for certain reasons affecting her first husband's estate. The young man has, therefore, to submit to the discomforts of a second boyhood and a new first term at school. The piece affords endless opportunity for Mr. Grossmith's excellent fooling, and the main notion is not, perhaps, more vulgar than that of the absurd farce with which Mr. Penley has drawn all London to the Globe. Doubtless the piece will do.

*Truth* seems fated to spend its time in the law-courts. Mr. Labouchère is scarcely clear of one case before he finds himself engulfed in another. This time the plaintiff is no less a person than that redoubtable traveller, Mr. F. C. Selous, who has just returned from Matabeleland to take up the cudgels against what he considers an unwarrantable libel. There has been a great deal of writing to the *Times*, and the discussion has afforded material for many leaders; but it is difficult, so far, to prophecy which way the case will go. It will at least furnish forth an agreeable entertainment for the junior bar, and a subject of interest in journalistic circles.

Early in March the sale of a little collection of books is to be held at Sotheby's, and will probably result in some high bidding. It forms part of the library which Napoleon Bonaparte enjoyed at St. Helena, and every volume bears its old owner's stamp upon the title-page. The whole collection, which amounts to about fifty volumes, is contained in a box, surmounted by a crowned N, and



was the share of Napoleon's property assigned to his brother Jérôme, whose account of the heirloom, in an autograph letter, forms another item of the sale. From Jérôme Bonaparte they passed to a Baron Stolkling, whose wife left them to her adopted daughter, Fraülein Malvine Fischer, by whose instructions they are now to be sold. The volumes are all historical, and contain manuscript notes in Napoleon's handwriting.

"A Yellow Aster," to which I made allusion a week ago, has now passed into a fourth edition, and is certainly to be reckoned as among the principal successes of the hour. We are told that it was refused by many houses; but we have surely heard something like that before! So familiar an experience can scarcely be worth recounting.

LONDON, 23 Feb., 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Boston Letter

THERE IS SO MUCH to write about Harvard this week that I may as well prepare those who care to read my letter for a bushel of news relating to that particular institution. However, it will be varied and will, I think, interest the literary world. In the first place, there is a plan to produce in April a Latin play, with characters assumed by the students at Harvard. Do you remember the furore created by the Greek play a dozen years ago, when George Riddle made his first bound into fame? Nobody anticipated such great success as that which crowned his efforts and the efforts of his associates, many of whom are now prominent in commerce and politics. Riddle himself found so much praise falling upon him from the Harvard production of the "Ædipus Tyrannus," that afterwards, associated with Georgia Cayvan at the head of a band of professionals, he made a tour of the country. But the professionals had to recite their words in English; the Harvard students gave the original Greek. So in this play, the Latin of Terence's "Phormio" will be recited, and, as far as possible, the costumes and scenery will be historically correct. The Harvard men have chosen April 19 for the first production of the play, as that is the anniversary of the day when the farmers at Concord "fired the shot heard around the world," the old Roman custom having been, as *Critic* readers so well know, to produce plays upon festival occasions. For the Greek play Prof. Paine wrote the music. For the Latin play a new prologue in Latin has been written by Prof. Greenough, while the music has been composed by Prof. F. D. Allen. There was a great deal of discussion, whether or not the mask should be worn, but it was finally decided that its adoption would give to the audience of to-day an impression of burlesque that would sacrifice the value of the performance. Sanders Theatre at Harvard easily adapts itself for resemblance to the Roman stage, but it has no curtain, and the Cambridge authorities will have to make one for this occasion. This curtain will be so constructed as to fall into a box under the stage, according to Roman custom, while it will be decorated with a copy of the relief, now in the British Museum, showing Dionysus on his way to dine with a dramatic poet.

Coupled with this announcement I must record with regret the resignation of Prof. George M. Lane, the well-known Pope Professor of Latin at Harvard. Now in his seventy-first year, and with a record of forty-three years of service in the College, Prof. Lane may well feel that he has earned the right to enjoy what he so aptly termed to a visitor the "Saturday half-holiday" of his life. He was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1846, having as classmates Profs. Francis J. Child, now head of the English department, and Charles Eliot Norton, now at the head of the Art department. Senator Hoar was also in the same class. Prof. Lane's work at Harvard has been most notable, and one result of his labor for education is soon to be published by Harper & Bros., in the form of a Latin grammar. A very interesting point in the retirement of Prof. Lane is the fact that the authorities of the College have voted to make him Professor Emeritus with a retiring allowance of \$3000 a year—two-thirds of his former salary. This is a new line of policy on the part of the College, and one of such liberality as to commend itself thoroughly to everyone who believes in the remembrance of faithful services even after those services have ended. Dr. Holmes, Dr. Peabody, Prof. Lovering and Prof. Torrey were made Professors Emeritus, but the College had not then reached the point where it could also express its sense of obligation in a more substantial manner. In the entire Faculty of Harvard College there is but one man, Prof. Child, whose service at Harvard antedates Prof. Lane's. It is said that this length of service at the University has been exceeded by only a few men.

March 15 will be a gala day at the Cambridge College, for on that day Henry Irving is to address the students. This distinction of being semi-officially invited to address the students at the College (for the sanction and assistance of the Faculty make it semi-official), has been accorded to but few actors, and it will

probably result in a most scholarly effort on the part of the English player.

To conclude Harvard news—although, perhaps, my readers of the gentle sex may assert that the news relating to the Harvard Annex should have gone first rather than last in the catalogue—I may say that Radcliffe College is practically sure of its incorporation, since the legal representative of the objectors has withdrawn his remonstrance before the Legislature. In fact, some of the signers of the New York petitions withdrew their names, as they had not expected that those petitions would be used to influence legislation. At the legislative hearing Pres. Eliot said that Harvard had no intention of drawing back from the work it had undertaken in educating women, and that he had no objection, if it were thought necessary, to putting into the bill a clause requiring that degrees be approved by Harvard, thus officially establishing the union between Radcliffe College and Harvard. The representative of the remonstrants then said that if such a clause were inserted there would be no further objection to the incorporation, and so the hearing came to a conclusion. I may add that Prof. Goodwin said at this hearing that the remonstrants seemed to have confounded two things which they had much at heart—one is higher education for women, the other is women's rights,—and the result was that they put in jeopardy one of the best and wisest plans for the education of women. Prof. Norton declared that the objection to the union on account of insufficient endowment was one of the least forcible that could be made, as there is no college in America that has an endowment large enough to pay the expense of such instruction as that given at the Annex. The Annex now has in productive yielding funds from \$210,000 to \$222,000, while Wellesley College ten years ago had less than half that amount. To-day Wellesley has a fund of only \$200,000 in income-bearing funds, while Mt. Holyoke Seminary has about \$270,000.

Talking the other day with Gen. H. B. Carrington, the veteran Abolitionist, soldier and author, in the hope of leading him to write something about his present occupation, I learned from him this bit of news which will interest the admirers of Washington Irving. Gen. Carrington, I may add, was the amanuensis and friend of Irving in 1846. At that time, he says, Mr. Irving began a story to be called "The Rose of the Guadalquivir," intending it as a tale of romance and war in sequence of the Siege of Granada. But that tale of the valley of the Guadalquivir was never finished. In his diary Gen. Carrington has the notes of the plot of the story as given to him by Irving, and the recent revival of interest in Spanish affairs through the Columbian celebration has suggested to him the plan of putting in story-form Washington Irving's plot.

BOSTON, 6 Mar., 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Chicago Letter

THE DEATH OF William Frederick Poole, LL.D., takes away one of the men who have been necessary to the development of this city. No one else could have supplied his place in organizing the Public Library, and it will be very difficult to find an adequate successor to him in the Newberry. His illness had been short, so that his death came as a surprise, especially as he was generally supposed to be younger than he really was. Born in 1821, he determined early in life to secure for himself a collegiate education, and entered Yale in 1842. After his freshman year he was obliged to leave college in order to earn money enough to continue his course, so that he did not graduate until 1849. While in college he was made librarian of a literary society which owned about ten thousand volumes, and this accident really decided the nature of his career. He indexed the library in a new way which gave him some reputation. After leaving college he held important positions in the Boston libraries—the Athenæum and the Mercantile, building up the latter so well that it became famous among such institutions. Later he organized libraries in several smaller New England towns and at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Mr. Probasco, the celebrated collector, then persuaded him to take charge of the Public Library in Cincinnati, and in the course of my last talk with him, Dr. Poole related many interesting anecdotes of his friendship with this brilliant and eccentric bibliomaniac. It was in 1874, at the time of the founding of the Chicago Public Library, that he first came to this city and took charge of that formidable work. So earnestly did he labor at it, so broad were his views, and so far-reaching and comprehensive was his ability, that he made it one of the finest circulating libraries in the world. In August, 1887, he resigned from this position, in which he had gained wide reputation, in order to plan and organize the Newberry Library, then ready to begin work. This was a superb opportunity for the exercise of his ability. The field was his, alone and unhampered, and we must thank him for the beginnings of a great institution. He planned for the future with a full knowledge of

the importance of the structure he was rearing and its possible influence for good in the community. The fact that it is a reference library made the task of collecting it especially congenial to this student and scholar, and the liberty of action wisely given him by the Trustees was an added stimulus. With his wide knowledge of books he was enabled to take advantage of many opportunities of securing them, both singly and in collections, which a smaller man would neither have understood nor appreciated. It was largely due to Dr. Poole's personal friendship with Mr. Probasco, that the Newberry Library was enabled to purchase the latter's collection of rare books and manuscripts and fine bindings—a collection so important that it would make a sensation wherever it might be displayed.

For several years the Newberry Library occupied a temporary building, and it was only last December that the books were moved into the beautiful new structure, a picture of which was published in *The Critic* at the time. The interior arrangements, as I stated then, followed Dr. Poole's plan of small rooms devoted to books upon different subjects. This method of arranging a library was his particular hobby, and he has written many an article advocating it. It was first adopted on an extensive scale in the Newberry, and the result of the experiment will be studied with great interest by both librarians and scholars. Dr. Poole's specialty was American history, and he published many valuable articles and some books on subjects connected with it. He also published "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature," which required enormous labor, and opened up a rich mine of information that would otherwise have remained sealed. With its aid, and that of the supplements to it which have since been published, it is possible to discover what has been printed in the magazines of the world on any given subject.

Personally Dr. Poole retained to the last his vigor and enthusiasm. It is hard that he could not have lived to enjoy the fruits of his arduous labors, but he finished the most difficult part of the task, and to him the chief honor will always be due. Commenting editorially upon his work, the *Herald* says, "Dr. Poole elevated the vocation of librarian in popular estimation from a mere service to a dignified profession"; and the *Tribune* conceives his success to be due to the fact that "he was thoroughly saturated with his work; that he pursued it with enthusiasm; that he believed in it, and never allowed himself to be diverted from it; and that he regarded it as a science which not only should be studied, but should be taught."

Stone & Kimball have recently published the third edition of "His Broken Sword," by Minnie Louise Taylor of Freeport, Illinois. The novel is introduced by Edward Everett Hale, who expresses his warm admiration for the character of the author and the moral influence of the volume she issues. And, indeed, from the ethical standpoint the book is worthy of the commendation which must be denied it from the standpoint of art. It is amateurish, and the prominent figures have not "a redeeming fault." One is not allowed to forget that the book has a purpose, and it certainly does enlist our sympathy for the men who are forced to endure the rigidity of prison discipline. The heart of the writer is in her subject, but it is unfortunate that she has not experience and skill enough to make her sympathy more effective for the purposes of art. The book is well printed and so carefully bound that it is pleasant to handle. Stone & Kimball have issued a charming little catalogue of their publications. It is printed on hand-made paper, and the cover is ornamented with a clever design in black and red. The record of books is most creditable for so young a firm, and the taste displayed in their make-up is decidedly exceptional. No other publishers in this country appeal so directly to the true bibliomaniac, and few of them are ready to sacrifice so much for beauty.

Two interesting exhibitions, which I shall review in my next letter, begin this week—the Black and White exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists, and a display at O'Brien's, of the delightful work of Robert W. Vonnoh of Philadelphia.

CHICAGO, 6 Mar., 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

### Current Criticism

**DRYDEN'S MEASURE.**—Briefly, Dryden is a great man, whose greatness could be denied by no one with a proper fear of the critics before his eyes; but we cannot think that he is one of the men of whose posthumous friendship we are ambitious. We cannot shake him by the hand. If his best things were collected into one volume, and the other seventeen perished, the loss would hardly be sensible to any but the professor of literature; and even the one volume would gather dust upon most bookshelves. This is brutal, and shows insensibility, perhaps; but the confession may be made for once. All good historians will continue to say the proper things about Dryden; and any number of good reasons may be found for

crushing dissenters. Our misfortune is that we are forced to confess Dryden's merits, and therefore our avowal of a certain indifference seems to imply inconsistency. The only excuse we can make is a distinction. There are some writers who will always be admired by the true literary craftsman. Their power over language, their capacity for saying just what they want to say in the most vigorous way, attract all who know by sad experience what a stiff-necked and provoking material is human language; how it gets into kinks and troublesome knots, and distorts the meaning which it ought to express, and lets all the finest shades of thought evaporate, and ends in being a palpably imperfect and inaccurate interpretation of sentiment. The writer who has Dryden's power of downright, vigorous expression deserves, and will always receive, appreciation from practised writers. He is a master within his own sphere of thought. But the average reader proceeds to ask whether after all he has anything to say that is really attractive; whether he is charming and lovable or imposing in his own nature. \* \* \* There is something depressing about Dryden's atmosphere; and his most forcible passages are those which reflect a cynical, though not a brutal, view. "When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat," is a very natural sentiment from a great writer of the Restoration period, and has the merit of being a genuine expression of a mood not confined to that period. But it makes us feel, when we feel most kindly to Dryden, that he was a great poet half asphyxiated by demoralizing surroundings. Therefore he ought to be on our shelves, but he will rarely be found in our hearts.—*Leslie Stephen.*

**ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON THE LATE PROF. BENJAMIN JOWETT.**—In whatever aspect we regard it, his life was rich in usefulness and influence. His last intelligible words were "Farewell to the College," and to the college he had devoted more than forty years of his life. He not only maintained, but increased its high reputation. He received into the college a multitude of youths of brilliant ability, and the personal influence which he impressed upon their minds, and upon the traditions of Balliol, tended in no small degree to mold the characters, which have made them profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth. Personal influence is a thing very difficult to describe or to define. It is particularly hard to do so in the case of Dr. Jowett. He never "let himself go;" he was never carried away by the impulse of the moment; he had very little sentiment in his composition; he was shy, he was reticent, he could often be extremely silent. Stories are told of breakfasts and walks in which he never uttered a syllable to the young undergraduates who had received the honor of his invitation. I did not experience this myself. I have had walks with him and Mr. Robert Browning in which an unbroken flow of conversation was maintained. I have spent Sundays with him at Balliol to meet men like Lord Sherbrooke, Canon Liddon, Mr. Freeman, Prof. Sylvester, Prof. Henry Smith, the late Prof. T. H. Green and others, and I always found him ready to enter into conversation with attentive and obvious interest, if not with vivacity. And in some strange, undefinable way his personality was eminently impressive.—*Review of Reviews.*

### Notes

**MESSRS. STONE & KIMBALL** ask us to announce the preparation of an edition of the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Prof. George E. Woodberry of Columbia College. The effort is to make a standard and final edition—for the library, the book-lover and the general reader. It will contain a biography by Prof. Woodberry, and critical introductions to the poems, tales and literary writings. There will be a thorough rearrangement of the works; a careful revision of text—based on Poe's maturest judgment—and a correction of much of Mr. Griswold's work, which has been mechanically followed by later editors. The volumes will be illustrated with portraits, facsimiles, etc., reproduced by photogravure. The printing will be done on specially made English paper with deckled edges, and in all respects the manufacture will be as perfect as it is possible to make it. The edition is to be complete in ten volumes, and will be issued in large and small paper forms. The large-paper edition will contain a series of eight illustrations to the tales by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley—illustrations not included in the small paper edition. There is no other standard author who has fared so ill at the hands of the publishers as Poe. There is absolutely no satisfactory edition of his works, and there has never been one. The promised edition will remove this reproach to American letters in a way so agreeable as to atone for the tardiness of the reparation.

—Now and then one reads in the papers the name of "The Kinsmen," and wonders who and what the Kinsmen are. The organization is perhaps best described negatively. Indeed it can-



not even be described as an organization, but rather as an aggregation, since organization it has none—no officers, no clubhouse, no constitution, no by-laws, no fees. It is composed of members of the kindred professions—Literature, Art and the Drama—in this country and in England; hence its name. It was inaugurated in New York in 1882 by Edwin A. Abbey, Lawrence Barrett, Laurence Hutton, William M. Laffan, Brander Matthews and Frank D. Millet. A branch office was established in London in 1883, by George H. Boughton, William Black, Joseph W. Comyn Carr, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Henry Irving, Andrew Lang, Alfred Parsons, Linley Sambourne and Randolph Caldecott. Since then it has added to its number Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Laurens Alma Tadema, Edwin Booth, H. C. Bunner, Francis Cowley Burnand, Samuel L. Clemens, George du Maurier, Luke Fildes, R. Swain Gifford, Richard Watson Gilder, F. Anstey Guthrie, Bret Harte, Julian Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, Colin Hunter, Joseph Jefferson, Clarence King, Edwin Ray Lankester, Francis Lathrop, George Parsons Lathrop, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Frederick Macmillan, J. A. Mitchell, James R. Osgood, Walter Herries Pollock, John S. Sargent, Elihu Vedder and Charles Dudley Warner. At a meeting held in honor of Henry Irving in New York, a few weeks ago, John Drew, Thomas Nelson Page, Augustus St. Gaudens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, J. L. Toole, the Rev. Joseph Twichell, Stanford White and Francis Wilson were admitted to the fold.

—The first volume of M. Brunetière's "L'Évolution de la Poésie Lyrique en France au Dix-neuvième Siècle" has been published in Paris.

—"How long has it been," asks a well-known Paris journal, "since enthusiastic people wished to make Victor Hugo President of the Republic? How long since Sarcey cried out, 'Speak, master, command! Each of thy words shall be our gospel'? How long has it been since the papers spoke of no one but him since he was laid to rest in the Pantheon as an emperor or king might have been laid to rest? Soon after his death the Mayor of Passy, in whose arrondissement Hugo's house stood, declared in a theatrical fashion that it should never go into the hands of strangers, that it should become a Mecca for the entire nation. To-day, it is true, there is a marble slab above the door recording the name of the former famous occupant. But below it is the prosaic announcement, 'This house is to let or for sale.' If one enters the house he finds it is empty; no longer a library, no working-room, and the garden neglected. Yet M. Lockroy, who owes everything to Victor Hugo, is still alive; and so is the spoiled favorite of the great poet, Jeanne, now grown up and married; and so is Georges, the principal heir. There is less respect for the dead one to be found among them than with Prince de Lussignan, the owner of the house. He, at least, did without the rent for years, in the hope that the relatives of Victor Hugo would keep their promise, purchase the building and make of it a kind of Victor Hugo museum. But as no one even turned so much as a finger to bring about this result, the Prince is at last tired of losing a good income."

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce for early publication "A Man of To-day," by Helen Mathers; "The Mystery of the Patrician Club," by Albert D. Vandam, the author of "An Englishman in Paris"; "The Queen of Love," by S. Baring-Gould; and a new book, "Travels in a Tree-Top," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, whose "Recent Rambles," etc., have made him known to all lovers of nature. "Pain" will be the subject of a new book, by Dr. J. Leonard Corning.

—The Rev. Dr. William Elliott Griffiths of Ithaca lectured on "Spain and France in the Great West" in Historical Hall on the night of March 8.

—Among the Scribners' new publications this spring will be the Letters of Gen. and Senator Sherman, edited by Mrs. Rachel Sherman Thorndike; "Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories," by Bliss Perry; the second volume of the Pasquier Memoirs; "Beyond the Rockies," by Dr. Charles A. Stoddard; "According to Season," a book of wild-flowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana; a new army novel, "On the Offensive," by George I. Putnam; and a collection of "Droch's" literary appreciations from the pages of *Life*. "Droch," it is hardly necessary to say, is Mr. Robert Bridges, assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*.

—It is reported that Mrs. Grant's memoirs of her husband will not be published until after her death.

—Mrs. Mary Hemenway, who died at Boston on March 6, was an active promoter of charitable works and showed a lively interest in American history and archaeology. She was the chief contributor to the fund that saved the Old South Meeting-House from demolition, started and supported the Old South Work, which has done so much to strengthen the American spirit among the young of Boston, and equipped the Hemenway Southwestern archaeologi-

cal expedition, which rendered services of enduring value to American Science.

—Among the books announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons are "The Natural Law of Money," by William Brough, and "The Sphere of the State," by Frank Sargent Hoffman, A.M.

—The Rev. S. E. Crockett's "The Raiders," which has just been published by Macmillan & Co., is founded on the accounts and traditions of the strife of the Scottish hill outlaws with the "wild free-traders of the Holland traffic" in the beginning of the last century.

—The title of Sarah Grand's new book, which the Appletons have published, it now appears, is "Our Manifold Nature," not "Our Manifold Lives."

—On the night of March 3, Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, the young American pianist, made his first public appearance at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall. His playing won the favor of public and critics alike, and gives promise of brilliant work to come. Mr. Palmer's second appearance was fixed for Thursday, March 8.

—The Musical Art Society gave its first concert at Music Hall on March 3, under the leadership of Mr. Frank Damrosch. The fifty-five members are nearly all well-known church soloists, and the object of the Society is to give unaccompanied choral music, and vocal and instrumental solos. The performance was excellent throughout, the rendering of Bach's "Singet dem Herrn" and Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" being especially fine—the evident results of the professional training the singers have had in church service. The soloists of the occasion were Mr. Plunkett Greene, M. Marteau and Miss Marguerite Hall.

—The verdict in Mrs. John Biddulph Martin's suit against the Trustees of the British Museum, awarding the plaintiff 20s., has been set aside, the High Court of Justice giving judgment for the defendants.

—Among the prices paid on the last day of Bangs & Co.'s sale of imported books last week were these:—La Fontaine's "Fables," illustrated by Oudry, Paris, 1755-9, \$30; the Musical Antiquarian Society's Publications, 16 vols., \$32; *Notes and Queries*, 1819-55, 12 vols., \$21; Pinkerton's "Voyages," 1808-14, 17 vols., \$22.10; Perrault's "Portraits des Hommes Célèbres," 1699, bound by Zaehnsdorf, \$12.50; Nicholas Rowe's first illustrated edition of Shakespeare (1709), \$40.15; and Scott's complete works, mostly first editions, 74 vols., \$25.90. On March 5 an edition of Chaucer, in black-letter, printed in 1561 by J. Kyngston, sold for \$33. A Becket's "Comic History of England," first edition, with plates by Leech, brought \$112. A set of a very small large-paper edition of the Rev. J. Corser's "Descriptive Catalogue of Early English Poetry," 11 vols., brought \$63.25.

—The Academy of Cracow will publish the Prayer Book of Ladislaus III. from a unique MS. in the Bodleian Library. It contains many pictures and initial letters representative of Polish art of the second half of the fifteenth century.

—According to its nineteenth annual report, the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society sent during the year ending Nov. 1, 1893, 6792 books, 20,516 magazines and 62,254 other publications to 168 public and private institutions, besides 143,910 daily newspapers. The Society is much in need of books, especially German and French. These should be sent to its office in the United Charities Building, and gifts of money to Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East 30th Street.

—Brentano's announces that "The Epicurean," the cook-book of Delmonico's *chef*, will be published in the course of this month.

—Theodore Westmark, the African traveller, will lecture in English on "Fifteen Months with the Cannibals on the Upper Congo and the Stanley Affair," at Steinway Hall, on March 12. He will soon publish a drama of the Congo, with Stanley, di Brazza and other explorers among its characters.

—Mr. Joseph B. Cumming's response to the toast, "New Ideas, New Departures, New South," at the seventy-fourth annual dinner of the New England Society of Charleston, S. C., on Dec. 22, has been printed in pamphlet form. Mr. Cumming devoted the greater part of his speech to the Old South, and ended by declaring that the New is no longer the "South":—"As expressive of anything existing to-day, the word 'South' is meaningless, except in its primary signification of certain relations to the pole and the equator. Our 'new ideas' are the assimilation of our ideas to those of the civilized world generally. Our 'new departures' consist only in our doing like the rest of the world."

—The centennial of William Cullen Bryant's birth will be celebrated on Nov. 3 at Great Barrington, where the poet was married and lived for several years. His house is still standing, but not in its original place. It was moved some years ago to make room for a hotel.

—Prof. H. S. Williams of Yale is to fill for three years the Brooks Lectureship on "The Relations of Religion and Science," at Colgate.

—The March *Cosmopolitan* contains, among other interesting articles, a paper on Palestine, by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, with numerous illustrations; a description, with illustrations from old prints, of "The Quadrilles at the Court of Napoleon I.," by Frederic Masson; "Buzz," the story of a humming-bird, by Stoddard Goodhue, illustrated by Paul de Longpré, and an essay on "God's Will and Happiness," by St. George Mivart.

—Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller lectures this (Saturday) afternoon before the Woman's University Club, on "The Bird, the Lord of Creation."

—M. Maxime du Camp has bequeathed to the Bibliothèque Nationale a bundle of manuscripts on "Les Mœurs de Mon Temps," with directions that they are not to be published before 1910, which is also the year set for the publication of Alfred de Musset's letters and correspondence, of which the Library is likewise the custodian, as it is of Gautier's "Lettres à la Présidente," to be published in 1920.

—Mr. C. A. Wurtzburg contributes the first part of a study on "Character in 'Much Ado about Nothing,'" to the March *Post-Lore*, which contains, also, "Literature and the Scientific Spirit," by Prof. Oscar L. Triggs; "Pippa Passes," a paper, read before the Boston Browning Society, by Isabel Francis Bellows; and the conclusion of Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses."

—The house in London in which Samuel Johnson wrote his famous Dictionary is to be torn down.

—Miss Ida van Etten, a young woman who had written some striking stories and essays for the New York magazines and reviews, died at the Hôtel Continental, Paris, on Monday—of starvation, it is said. According to the *Herald*, Miss van Etten left this city about six months ago to go abroad. At that time she said she was under contract to visit the homes of the immigrants who came here, and to write articles to prove that they were not as undesirable persons as many intimated. She was also to visit nearly all the prominent socialists in Europe, and to give her impressions of them and their conversations in print.

—Having finished "Marcella," Mrs. Humphry Ward is suffering from nervous prostration, it is said, and will make a two months' trip to the Continent to recover.

—A term of fifty years of official connection with Columbia College will be concluded by Prof. Henry Drisler in June, and in order that the event may be fittingly celebrated, some of his former pupils are dedicating to him a volume containing contributions of their own upon subjects relating to classical antiquity, in the study of which he himself has won distinction. Early last year a committee was formed, consisting of Profs. Merriam, Peck and Jackson, and a circular was issued to such graduates of Columbia as had devoted themselves to work in this field. The volume will be published by the Columbia University Press, through Macmillan & Co., in June, and it is expected that the presentation to Prof. Drisler will take place at Commencement. Among the contributors are Prof. Sidney G. Ashmore of Union College, Dr. M. L. Earle of Barnard, Prof. Alfred Gudeman of the University of Pennsylvania, Prof. E. W. Hopkins of Bryn Mawr, Prof. George B. Hussey of the University of Nebraska, Dr. Charles Knapp of Barnard, Dr. J. Sachs of the New York Collegiate Institute, Prof. William M. Sloane of Princeton, and Profs. Nicholas Murray, Richard Gottheil, A. V. W. Jackson, Brander Matthews, A. C. Merriam, H. T. Peck, E. D. Perry, and Drs. B. D. Woodward, C. H. Young and J. C. Egbert, Jr., all of Columbia College.

—Bangs & Co. will sell, on March 12, 13 and 14, a library of 867 volumes of Standard English and foreign works, and on March 15 and 16 a library of 666 volumes, including first editions, uncut volumes and other rarities.

—James Montgomery Bailey, the "Danbury News Man," died at Danbury, Conn., on March 4. He was born in Albany in 1841, removed to Danbury in 1860 and enlisted in 1862. While at the front he wrote a number of humorous letters to the local press, and purchased, at the close of the War, the Danbury *Times*, with which he consolidated, in 1870, the Danbury *Jeffersonian*, giving the name of Danbury *News* to the paper created by this fusion. His short humorous articles, the first of their kind in American journalism, gave the paper a circulation hitherto unknown for a country weekly, and his humor became a model for the press of the country. In 1873 he published his first book, "Life in Danbury," which was followed in the same year by "The Danbury News Man's Almanac." Then came "They All Do It," "Mr. Phillips's Gone-ness" and "The Danbury Boom," all of which enjoyed wide popularity. In 1874 Mr. Bailey made a European trip and wrote for his paper a series of letters which, when published in book-

form under the title of "England from a Back Window," were equally popular at home and abroad. He also delivered a lecture with the same name in the principal cities of this country. Mr. Bailey had done no literary work of recent years.

—A copy of the Pentateuch, inscribed by the hand of Maimonides in the twelfth century, has been discovered in the Sutor Library of San Francisco. Local experts unite in declaring this rare find to be genuine.

—The *Tribune* has interviewed the publishers on the business depression and its effect upon the book-trade. Mr. John Harper of Harper & Bros. said:—"The hard times have probably had some effect upon us, but my impression is that the effect is very small. \* \* \* Our trade does not vary much from one year to another, and I have noticed no marked difference of late." Mr. Charles Scribner of Charles Scribner's Sons declared that "the demand for new books seems to be as great as ever. \* \* \* The principal falling-off has been in trade in the standard works. People have not bought for libraries and collections as freely as in better times. \* \* \* Our experience is that the books which people want to read have been bought as freely as ever." Mr. Daniel Appleton of D. Appleton & Co. said:—"For the first two months of 1894 our business has been as good as in any year for the corresponding period, but it is, of course, too early to know definitely how the year will turn out."

## The Free Parliament

*Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.*

### QUESTIONS.

1741.—Kindly tell me where I can find the following quotations:—

1. "How they would stare,  
Ye gods should fickle fortune drop  
These mushroom lordlings where she picked them up,  
In tinker's, cobbler's and book-binder's shop."

2. "He might have cleared the coast without having De Witt Clinton there, for he has blown himself up long ago."

HARMONSBURG, PENN.

X. W. P.

1742.—Where can I find the poem containing the following lines:—

"Love and thou shalt be loved,  
For never yet was any soul  
Left to the bonds of hate  
That breathed out love."

PHILADELPHIA.

L. F.

## Publications Received

- |   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| Alexander, Mrs. A. Ward in Chancery. \$1.                               | D. Appleton & Co.                     |
| Ayres, A. The Mentor. \$1.  | D. Appleton & Co.                     |
| Balestier, W. Benefits Forgiven. \$1.50.                                | D. Appleton & Co.                     |
| Chambers, J. On a Margin. 50c.  | F. T. Neely.                          |
| Clark, C. H. Practical Methods in Microscopy. \$1.60.                   | D. C. Heath & Co.                     |
| Clifford, W. K. Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman. 50c.                   | F. T. Neely.                          |
| Cobban, J. M. A Soldier and a Gentleman. \$1.                           | Lovell, Coryell & Co.                 |
| De Peyster, J. W. Waterloo.   | New York: C. H. Ludwig & Co.          |
| Donnerwetter, P. S. Handy Music-Lexicon. 50c.                           | Boston: Dole & Prastich.              |
| Duffy, C. G. and Others. Revival of Irish Literature. 12.               | T. F. Unwin.                          |
| Field, E. The Holy Cross, and Other Tales.                              | Stone & Kimball.                      |
| Foster, R. F. Duplicate Whist. \$1.25.                                  | Brentano's.                           |
| Garnett, R. Poems of.   | Copeland & Day.                       |
| Grandgent, C. H. French Lessons and Exercises. Part I. 15c.             | D. C. Heath & Co.                     |
| Grandgent, C. H. Short French Grammar. 60c.                             | D. C. Heath & Co.                     |
| Hadley, A. T. Interests and Profits. 15c.                               | Am. Acad. of Polit. & Social Science. |
| Hare, A. J. C. Story of Two Noble Lives. 3 vols. \$8.                   | A. D. F. Randolph & Co.               |
| Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature. Vol. II. \$1.50. | Ginn & Co.                            |
| Holidays in England. Ed. by P. Lindley.                                 | 379 Broadway, New York.               |
| Huxley, T. H. Science and Christian Tradition. \$1.25.                  | D. Appleton & Co.                     |
| Irving, W. The Sketch-Book. Ed. by E. E. Wentworth. 60c.                | Allyn & Bacon.                        |
| Kelley, J. D. J. Our Navy: Its Growth and Achievements. Section I.      | Am. Pub. Co.                          |
| Kidd, B. Social Evolution. \$2.50.                                      | Macmillan & Co.                       |
| MacLaren, A. Gospel of St. Matthew. 3 vols. \$2.                        | A. C. Armstrong & Son.                |
| Moffatt's New Geography. Ed. by T. Page. 42 6d.                         | Moffatt & Paige.                      |
| Molière. L'Avare. Notes by T. Henckels. 65c.                            | Ginn & Co.                            |
| Montague, C. Tales of a Nomad. \$1.40.                                  | Longmans, Green & Co.                 |
| Norris, W. E. The Countess Radna. \$1.                                  | Lovell, Coryell & Co.                 |
| Nye, B. History of the United States. \$2.                              | J. B. Lippincott Co.                  |
| Orcutt, H. E. A Modern Love-Story.                                      | C. H. Kerr & Co.                      |
| Peters, M. C. Wrongs to be Righted. 25c.                                | L'Artiste Pub. Co.                    |
| Pyle, H. The Rose of Paradise. 50c.                                     | Harper & Bros.                        |
| Sergeant, A. Surrender of Margaret Bellarmine. 50c.                     | International News Co.                |
| Sermon Bible, The. I. Peter—Revelation. \$1.50.                         | A. C. Armstrong & Son.                |
| Shakespeare, W., Comedies of. 7 vols. 75c. each. (Ariel Ed.)            | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                  |
| Sharp, W. Vistas. 5c.   | Derby, Eng.: Frank Murray.            |
| Smith, G. Oxford and Her Colleges. 75c.                                 | Macmillan & Co.                       |
| Spencerian System of Penmanship. Nos. 8, 9, 10. 8c. each.               | Am. Book Co.                          |
| Story of Margrède. \$1.   | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                  |
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| Webb, T. W. Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. Vol. I. \$1.75.    | Longmans, Green & Co.                 |
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